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Art, Literature & the Drama.

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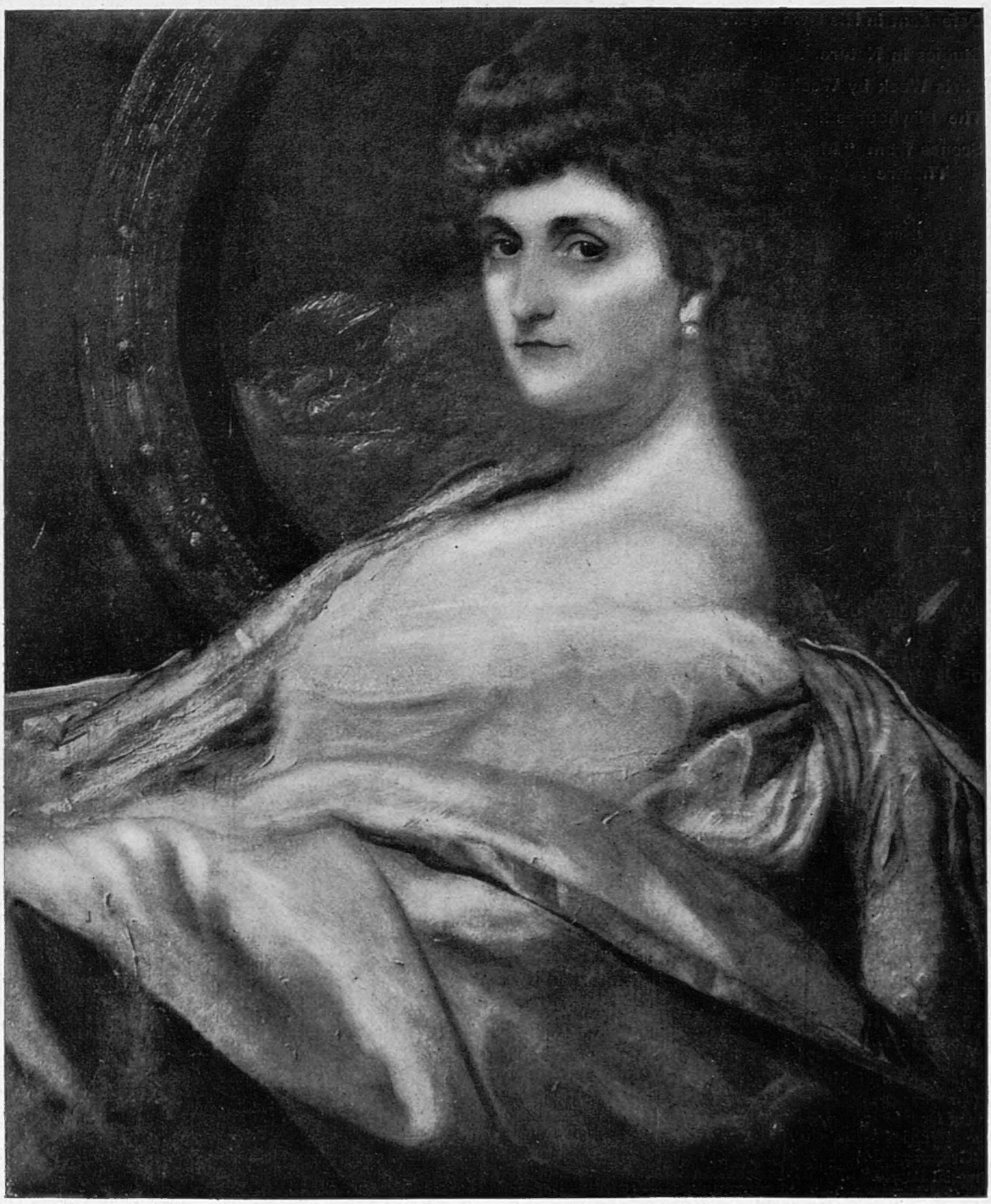

CONSUELO, DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR W. B. RICHMOND, R.A.

No. 123.—Vol. X.

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Wednesday, April 11, 1906

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Home Life with Herbert Spencer." By "Two." (Arrowsmith: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The Muses' Library.—"Jean Ingelow." (Poems.) "Lyra Germanica." "The Poems of Thomas Chatterton." "The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough." (Routledge: 1*s.* net each.)

"Courage." By Charles Wagner. (Unwin: 1*s.* net.)

Cameo Classics.—"Paul Clifford." "The Christmas Carol and the Chimes." (Sisleys, Ltd.: 6*d.* each.)

The Children's Classics.—"Ivanhoe." "The Enchanted Pearl." (Sisleys, Ltd.: 6*d.* each.)

"Nisbet's Golf Year-Book." Edited by John Low. (Nisbet: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Models and How to Make Them." By Cyril Hall. (Pearson: 1*s.*)

NEW FICTION

"The Mysteries of Modern London." By George R. Sims. (Pearson: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"Out of Due Time." By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

"The Married Bachelor." By H. Sant M. Lanyon. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"Imperial Purple." By Edgar Saltus. (Greening: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Mac Stodger's Affinity." By David Whitelaw. (Greening: 1*s.*)

"The Sin of Salome." By A. L. Harris. (Greening: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"A Romance in Radium." By J. Henry Harris. (Greening: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

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TO

Continental Residents.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
April 11, 1906

The father of nine has been writing to the papers again. This time his subject is "The Submerged Tenth."

* * *

It is very affecting to think how necessary it has become to English home life to have a motto for every day of the week. To read on one's calendar on a Thursday morning such an enervating extract as "The stag at eve had drunk his fill" (Scott), is a distinct aid to existence. One keeps the noble example of the stag in view right through the day, and meditates on it at spare moments. It is a beautiful practice.

* * *

Quite a sensation was created in Oxford Street on Boat Race night by the behaviour of a sleepy-looking old gentleman seated inside a motor omnibus. The conductor, happening to clip a ticket a little too near the ear for his peace of mind, he suddenly screwed round in his seat, planted his legs firmly in the lap of the lady sitting next him, and driving his umbrella through the window, called on heaven and earth to "Lift her, you angels, can't yer?"

* * *

The story of the Society beauty who, single-handed, drove a six-cylinder car to Maidenhead and back is too improbable. When Miss Margery Daw see-sawed, someone must have sat on the other end.

* * *

When a cyclist was riding along a road near Crewkerne, Somerset, says the *Mail*, a pigeon flew into his face, and the bird died from the shock. We think we know that kind of face.

* * *

Mr. Fell, M.P., speaking at Leicester, said that the Conservative Party intended to contest every by-election, and hoped soon to begin to pick up seats. "Fell" and "pick up" seems a happy conjunction of terms.

* * *

There has been only one reference in Parliament to teachers' engagement-rings during the past fortnight. And yet the present House boasts that it was elected to attend to matters of urgent and national importance.

* * *

It is reported that next autumn the Russian Court will leave St. Petersburg for Biarritz. The announcement has given great satisfaction amongst revolutionary leaders, as it rids them of the difficulty with which they felt themselves to be faced as to how they might humanely dispose of the Tsar.

* * *

The fear of War continues to agitate the Continent. We learn from the newspapers that even the Carlsbad Tunnel has been drilled

* * *

The terms of a literary competition in a well-known "home" journal stipulate that "all manuscripts must be sent in flat." We have no doubt, however, that a large number of the competing manuscripts would have been flat in any case.

* * *

The announcement that Mr. Warner's eleven will shortly be back in this country in order to take part in the coming cricket season is interesting. It must now be some seven months since they played cricket.

* * *

Natal Native Police: A study in black and blue

The Natal policeman, in the upper part of his clothing, bears, it will be seen, some resemblance to our own Robert. For the rest, however, less can be said. Going about bare of leg and foot, he is deprived of the valuable aid of the boot which is so characteristic of the home policeman in the discharge of his duties

A copy of the great catalogue of the British Museum, in 300 volumes, has just been sold in New York. We trust this item of literary intelligence will not come to the ears of the *Times*, as it may suggest to our contemporary the placing on the market of another work, "without which no thinking man can live."

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* does not seem to have been enthusiastically received in Berlin. One critic has discovered Mr. Shaw's formula. It is:—"Take a hero, undress him, and let him walk about naked. Whether the hero be Napoleon or Cæsar, the effect is comic—irrepressibly comic—and the fortunate author secures not only the applause of the public, but their malicious joy."

In a Belgravian Boudoir

COUNTESS OF MAINCHANCE: It would be sheer madness for you to refuse him. There never was any sign of lunacy in our family, I am thankful to say.

LADY ADELA: But, my dear mother, I've only seen him four times.

COUNTESS (*abruptly*): Three times more than is really necessary.

LADY ADELA: And there are so many tales——

COUNTESS: It is always the richest fruit that is first pecked at.

LADY ADELA: They say that he ran away with Mrs. Thelluson only three years ago——

COUNTESS: Possibly; but, seeing that he did not marry her afterwards, I think we may regard it as only a passing indiscretion—— (*Her manner is final.*)

LADY ADELA: I want to be first in a man's life.

COUNTESS: A young girl always wants to be first; a woman of the world prefers to be last. (*An eloquent silence.*)

LADY ADELA: He is forty, and turning grey——

COUNTESS: It is an ideal age for a man; the papers say that grey hair is going to be most fashionable this year.

LADY ADELA: He has been through the Bankruptcy Court.

The locomotive as a bird-catcher

A magnificent specimen of a barn owl which was found dead clinging to the hand-rail of the engine of an express between Glasgow and Aberdeen

COUNTESS: A mere nothing, my dear Adela, caused by his mistaking his capital for his income. A sign of his confiding nature.

LADY ADELA: But he is so silly——

COUNTESS: A marquis whose creation dates back to the twelfth century can never be silly in the eyes of any right-minded girl. He will be immensely rich, and the family jewels are superb—— (*Silence.*)

(*Resuming with persuasive equanimity*): I would not for worlds persuade you to marry for merely worldly considerations.

LADY ADELA: That goes without saying.

COUNTESS: But when you remember that you will precede your cousin Harriet on every occasion; also that odious Lady Gorgonstone; that is if you would only be sensible and make up your mind——

LADY ADELA: Oh! if you put it that way I might——

COUNTESS (*enthusiastically*): That is my own child. (*Kisses her.*) And now if we hurry things on you might be presented at the next Court.

* * *

Locomotive as a Game Shot

If there is one advantage in being a bird, one would think it was immunity from the danger of being run into by a vehicle. The fast locomotive has, however, been responsible for quite a number of deaths in the winged kingdom. The other day, an express passing at sixty miles an hour through Alloa Junction, on the way from Glasgow to Aberdeen, caught a barn owl, and killed it on the spot. On pulling up six miles after, the engine-driver was surprised to find the creature clinging to the hand-rail, dead, but quite unruffled. This reminds me of the trial journey, some years ago, of a new electric express outside Berlin, which went at about 180 miles an hour. At the completion of the run of twelve miles, the glass pane in front of the car was almost covered with dead flies, gnats, and wasps, killed by the furious onrush of the vehicle.

HIGH-KICK ETHICS

["The moral principles of an actress are universally misunderstood."—*From an interview.*]

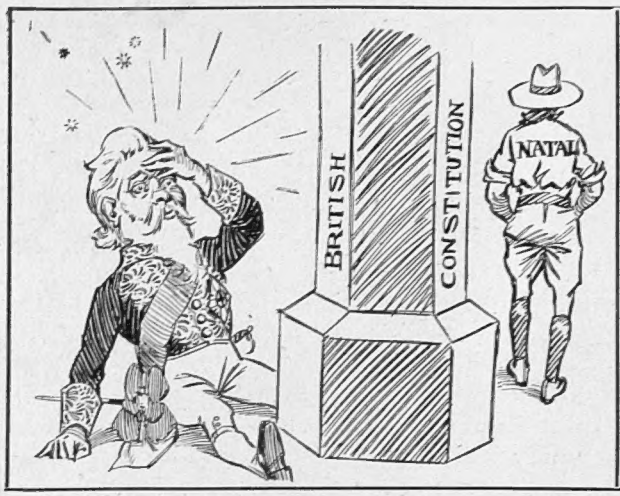
O patrons austere of the drama,
Who in and out love to decry
The sins of the high-stepping darling
Whose petticoats flutter awry;
Remember the popular maxim—
That things may not seem what they are!
Oh, believe at the start
That they live for their Art,
And some of them live with mamma!

Oh, Jorkins, just up from the country,
Oh, Martha, in muffler and mitts,
Remember the dance Pentecostal—
That virtue may lurk in the splits.
The ravishing belle of the chorus,
Who carries such wealth on her fist,
Runs the earth—so to speak—
All on one-one a week,
And asks what it's like to be kiss'd!

O you who stare white from the curtains,
O you who cough hoarse from the roof,
Deny that the sauciest kicker
Will cringe 'neath Beelzebub's hoof!
Deny that the meadow-sweet maiden,
With eyelids that droop as she sings,
Is a very bad lot
With a temper red-hot
Who swears through her waits in the wings!

All ye who denounce the performer
In tights on the glittering wire,
All ye who discover debasement
In dying "down right" in red fire,
Remember that virtue's not foreign
To prettiness prettily gowned;
For a maid may be meek
Who is dressed in a streak
And flounces three feet from the ground!

The Topictator



That Pillar

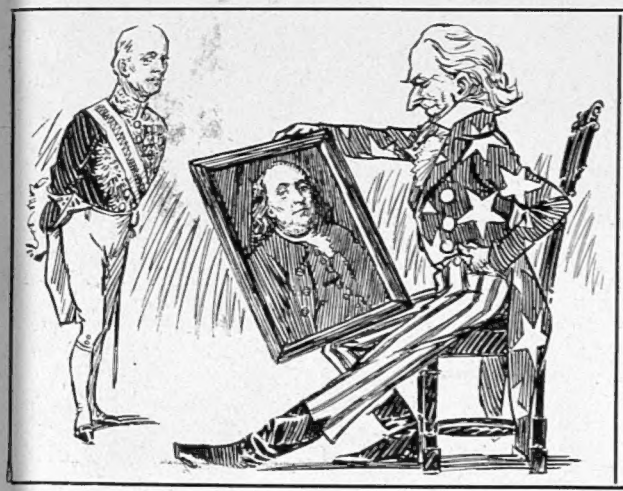
THE EARL OF ELGIN: "?!!!??!! That's the second time I've run into the confounded thing"

The Hanging Committee of the Academy sitting in judgment

"Judicium subtile videndis artibus."—*Horace*

The Surplus

"What will he do with it?"



(Earl Grey has cemented Anglo-American friendship by his generous gift to the American people of the famous portrait of Benjamin Franklin)

UNCLE SAM: "Say, I call that real kind"

Timely Warning

We are told that if the Peers reject the Trades Disputes Bill, the big, burly giant, Democracy, will take the House of Lords in its horny palm and crush it

"People of To-day"

(*With apologies to the snippet columns of the daily Press*)

Sir Egerton de Testeth, whose melancholy demise is recorded elsewhere, was an aristocrat of the old school, universally beloved by his tenants at Chrocksby (Mr. Stan. P. Mortgageimer, this year; Colonel Solly O'Cohen, next), and was distinguished for his early Victorian manners.

* * *

An excellent story is told of Sir Egerton, which is eloquent of his ready wit and unfailing flow of good spirits. It is a story that dear old "Thack" (William Makepeace Thackeray, Esq.) used to tell with delight on all occasions, but we believe that this is the first time that it has found its way into print. Sir Egerton was one evening dining with the Dean of W——, who was by way of being a gourmet. When the sweets were brought round, the Dean seized upon a dish of jelly and helped himself to about two-thirds of its contents. Then, turning to Sir Egerton, whose affection for jelly was well known, he chaffingly said, "Now, Sir Egerton, you may have what is left." The baronet gazed a little ruefully at the remains of the jelly, but his features soon softened into a merry smile—so rarely did he allow his feelings to get the better of himself—and patting the Dean on the back of the head, he jocularly replied, "Well, reverend friend, seeing that I am sitting on your right, I could scarcely ask for any dish more palatable than that which is left." This brilliant repartee is said to have so convulsed the Dean that he avoided all jellies until the day of his death, which occurred soon after.

Everyone is congratulating Lady Brown on her husband's knighthood. The Browns come of an old Camberwell stock, and the family is immensely popular at the "Green." We hear that there was quite an interesting scandal in the family history somewhere in the nineteenth century. The Browns in those days were toast-rack importers, and the head of the firm wrote an autobiography. This, and the fact that his wife was not above suspicion, earned him the soubriquet of "Julius Cæsar" Brown. Lady Brown was the daughter of a Mrs. Vivienne, and is an authority on beans.—[ADVT.]

* * *

The success of *The Jam Pot*, at His Highness' Theatre, is particularly gratifying in view of the fact that Miss Gwendolen Truth has been unlucky in her ventures in theatrical management for quite thirty years past. It will come as a surprise to the many admirers of this charming young lady to hear that she is the proud mother of a strapping young soldier.

* * *

Tristram Truth enlisted as a trooper in Solly Joel's Light Horse when the war broke out. He got his first stripe after Magersfontein, became Corporal after Colenso, Sergeant-cook after Spion Kop, was commissioned after Sanna's Post, "relinquished" after Tweebosch, and was awarded the honorary rank of Lieutenant in the Army two days after the issue of the Butler Report. Few warriors can point to such a rapid career. Notwithstanding his electric record, young Truth is a most unassuming man, and is deeply respected at Westbourne Park, where he now resides.

Photo *Park*

New Ladies' Rifle Club at Byfleet: Miss Egerton (niece of Duke of Devonshire) firing seated

Opened for the first time last week. The ground, which was presented to the ladies of Byfleet by Mr. Egerton (a relative of the Duke of Devonshire), is beautifullly situated amidst pine woods, and contains three ranges of 50, 100, and 150 yards

The Court of Inquiry into the Ragging Case

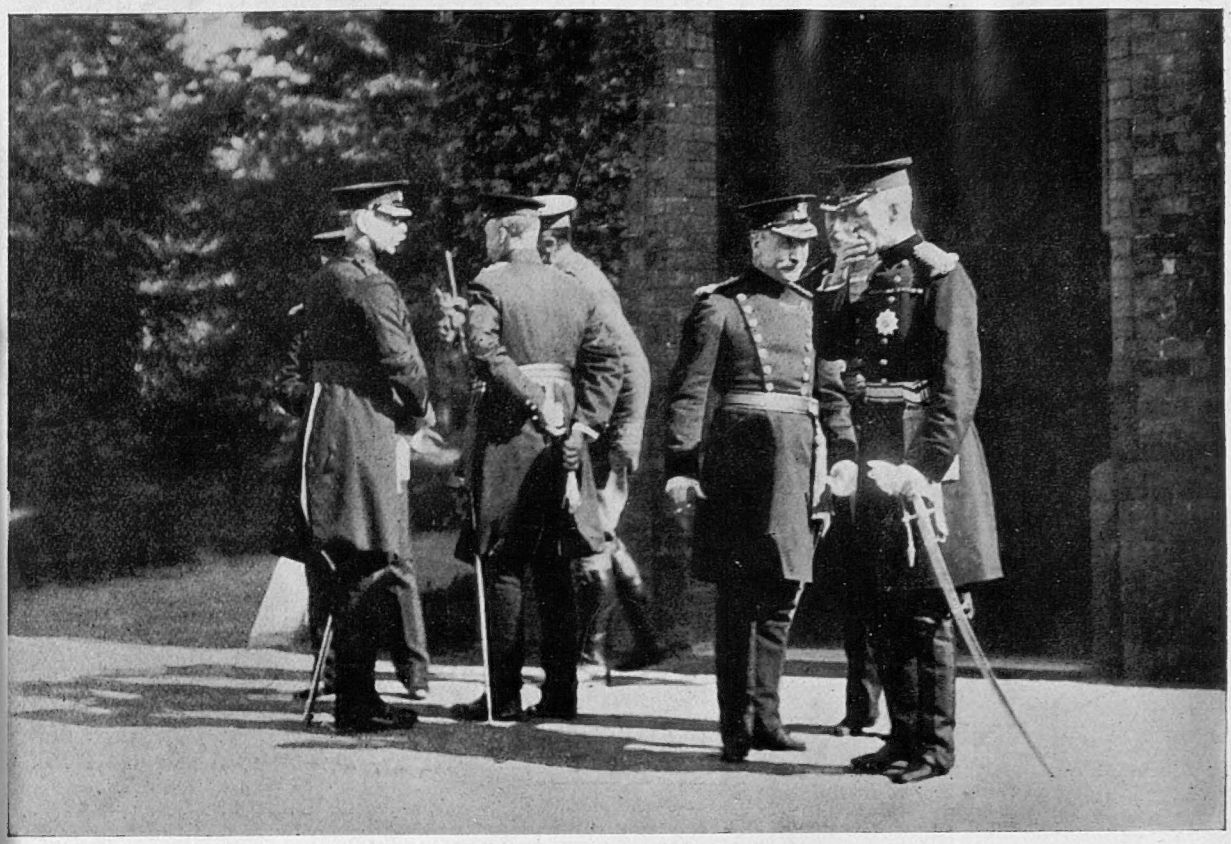


Photo *Photo Press*

Lieut.-General Sir Gerald Morton (President) and Staff outside the Court

Talking to the President of the Court is Major-General Sir Francis Howard, while the third party in the group is Brigadier-General Browne

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A session of the Court of Inquiry into the Scots Guards ragging case

Second-Lieut. Clark-Kennedy, who was the victim of the alleged ragging by his brother officers, is seen seated with his cap on his knee on the left of the picture

ROUND THE TOWN

Photos

The Duke of Richmond and Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox

At the Household Brigade Steeplechase

We are so often offered payment by people to publish announcements of engagements, forthcoming weddings, and other matters of social interest that the Editor wishes it to be understood that all such announcements, as well as photographs of the parties concerned, are published without charge, provided they be of sufficient general interest. News and photographs suggested as suitable for publication in these pages should be addressed to the Society Editor, THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.*

Illustrations Bureau

Lord and Lady Arthur Hill and Lord George Pratt (in centre)

At the Household Brigade Steeplechase

The Household Brigade Meeting

For some reason or other, the Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn Hill last week was better attended and more enjoyable than it has been for a long time. Paddington, in the morning, looked like Henley or the Guards' Regatta, but the train journey accomplished, one's troubles began, for, owing to the fact that the borough authorities at Maidenhead are extremely economical with their water-carts, and that hundreds of motors came from Windsor and all parts, the dust on the drive from Maidenhead to Hawthorn Hill was too awful for words, the more so as most of the ladies wore frocks which would have graced Ascot. However, once there it was perfectly delightful, and even the east wind seemed to have stayed his mighty hand for the time being. The band of the 2nd Life Guards was playing, and the members' enclosure was crowded. Lord Alastair Innes-Ker came to grief during the most interesting race on the second day for the Household Brigade Hunters' Challenge Cup, his horse refusing to take the fence opposite the members' stand, but, fortunately, he managed to get off without being hurt.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew

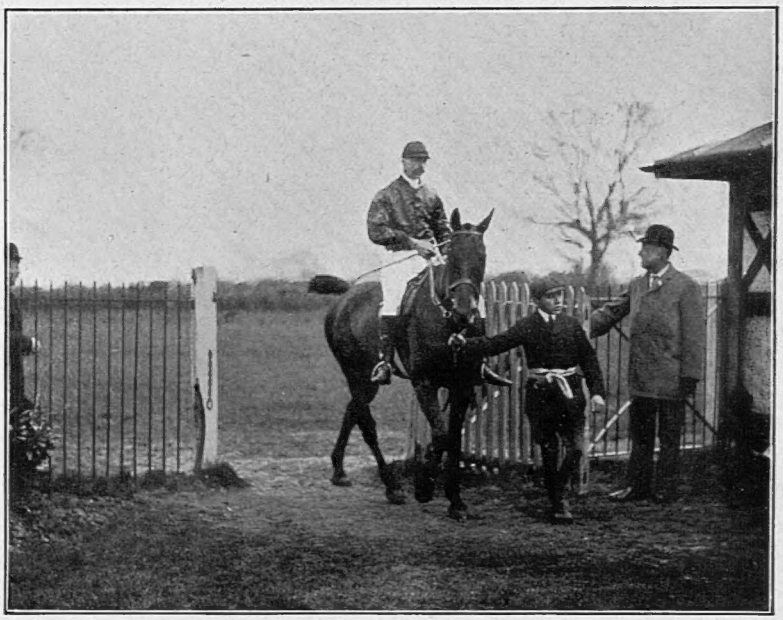
A prominent figure among the many beautiful women at the Household Brigade Meeting. Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew lunched in the big marquee with Prince Christian's party

One of the most beautiful amongst the many charming women there was Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew who, in a green frock and long white race coat, lunched in the big marquee with Prince Christian and the Marchioness of Ormonde. The Duke of Richmond was there with his daughter, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, and Mrs. Seymour-Cochran; and amongst the many other interesting people present I noticed Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, Lady Juliet Duff, Viscountess Esher, Lord and Lady Edward Churchill, and Lady Arthur Butler.

The Household Brigade Steeplechase

The Winners

Beautiful Spring weather favoured the Household Brigade Steeplechase on Monday and Tuesday of last week, and some very fine racing was witnessed by a brilliant crowd of military people. The 2nd Life Guards Challenge Cup was easily won by Lady Nicotine, ridden by Mr. C. Noel Newton (see our first photograph). The winner of the Coldstream Plate, Mr. H. Whaly's Nicator, scored the second victory in succession, having won the same trophy last year; while Mr. Howard Vyse's Crick easily won the Royal Horse Guards Regimental Race. The racing was chiefly noted for the splendid array of Spring costumes it enabled the lady spectators to display.



(1) 2nd Life Guards Challenge Cup: Won by Mr. Newton's Lady Nicotine. Over the water

(2) Mr. H. Whaly's Nicator (owner up): Winner of Coldstream Plate

(3) Royal Horse Guards Regimental Race: At the third fence

Society's One Hundred Easter Weddings

Easter in Spain

It is good news to hear that the Duke of Connaught is to represent the King on the occasion of the Spanish marriage on June 2. The Duke has such delightful manners, and is always so much liked wherever he goes, that he is sure to win universal approval from the good-natured Spanish people. Meanwhile, Spain, as quite a nice country to spend Easter in, has leaped into sudden, but probably lasting favour. It is so much nearer than Egypt or India, and about ten times as cheap. The Spanish marriage still retains its hold upon the interest of the world. Any tit-bit of news about the Royal couple is eagerly devoured. The information that King Alfonso sends a telegram every day to Princess Ena brings joy to the breakfast tables of Brixton. And every one rejoices with Princess Ena upon her new style of Her Royal Highness.

The Cathedral at Las Palmas
Recently visited by the King of Spain

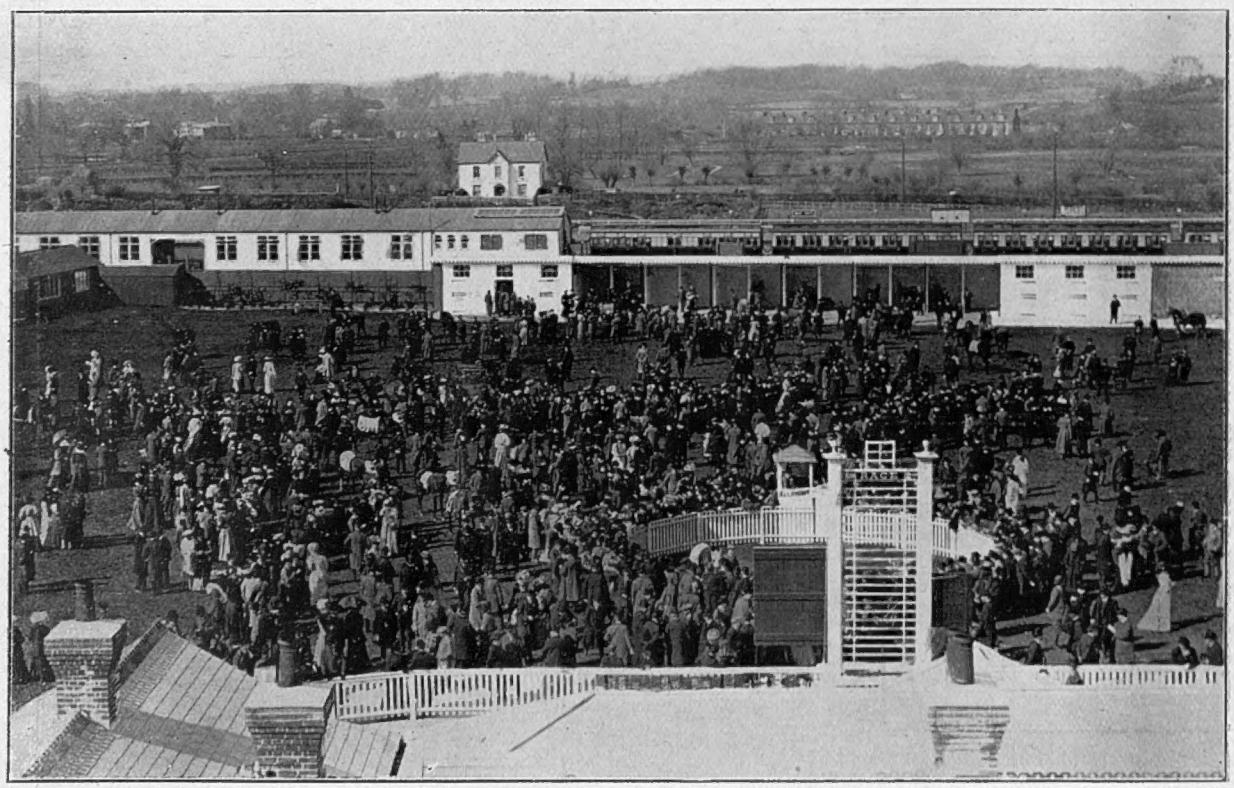
* * *

Easter Weddings and an Engagement

The Hon. John Ashburnham, whose engagement to Miss Royal Dawson has been lately announced, is heir to the present Earl of Ashburnham, and a believer in Christian Science. An industrious member of the staff of one of the evening papers last week calculated that no less than one hundred Society weddings were fixed to take place between the Tuesday after Easter and the end of the month. Only one has taken place this week, that of Captain Roger Keyes, Naval Attaché at Vienna, to Miss Eva Bowlby, of Gilston Park, Herts. On Tuesday next, Mr. Fleming Blaine will be married to Miss Emma Kekewich, daughter of Mr. Justice Kekewich; and on Wednesday there are just fourteen marriages taking place, one of the most interesting of which is that of Captain Ingilby, of the Scots Guards, to the Hon. Alberta Vivian, elder twin-daughter of Lady Swansea.

* * *

On Easter Monday, a nice day for a quiet wedding, the marriage of Miss Lily Bagg, of Abbot's Court, Weymouth, to Captain N. O. Burge, R.M.L.I., of H.M.S. *Triumph*, will be celebrated at St. John's Church, Weymouth.



Newbury Spring Meeting last Wednesday: A bird's-eye view of the paddock

Newbury promises well. The fine send-off last September will be recalled, and the second meeting showed no serious slump in attendance. A few deficiencies in the cheaper stands have been remedied, and Newbury is now the model racing resort in England

The Duke of Connaught's Return

Photo *E. PETERS*

A new portrait of the Duke of Connaught

TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE BYSTANDER" DURING HIS RECENT AND MOST SUCCESSFUL VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA

Lord Linlithgow's Hunting Accident

Outraged Norwegian Nobility

It would appear that some remarks which appeared a few weeks ago in THE BYSTANDER on the subject of the democratic manners of the Norwegians, and especially of Norwegian courtiers, have caused some annoyance in Norway. I am really extremely sorry to have hurt the feelings of anybody.

I have been favoured with a copy of a Norwegian paper called the *Aftenposten*, which contains what purports to be an interview with Colonel Knollys, Controller and Private Secretary to Her Majesty of Norway. In this interview, the Colonel, speaking as Private Secretary to Queen Maud, denies my remarks to the effect that the manners of the members of the Norwegian Court are, to say the least of it, free-and-easy and rather uncourtierlike. I need hardly say that if Her Majesty wishes, through her secretary, to deny that this is the case, I can only accord the denial due prominence, and the respect to which it is entitled. I cannot believe, however, that my esteemed contemporary can be right when it goes on to declare that Colonel Knollys referred to THE BYSTANDER as a paper of "limited circulation, whose opinions, it may be assumed, principally carry weight with Whitechapel costermongers." I am afraid my opportunities of "carrying weight with costermongers" are extremely limited, though, of course, if any one of these most estimable gentlemen likes to pay down his sixpence, I have no doubt he can, in this free country of Britain, procure a copy of THE BYSTANDER; more possibly he avails himself of the free libraries to read remarks which, according to the *Aftenposten* can only appeal to him. Generally speaking, however, I would gently remind the *Aftenposten* that sixpenny weeklies are not published for the edification of the Whitechapel or any other costermonger.

Photo *Thomson*

The Marquess of Linlithgow

Who has had another bad accident in the hunting field this season while out with the North Cheshire Hounds. The Marquess's horse, in taking a hedge, turned a complete somersault and fell on his rider

* * *

The Star of India

The popular private secretary to the Prince of Wales, Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, has added yet another to his numerous decorations, for the King has invested him with that much-prized honour, the Star of India, in commemoration of his services to the Prince during his Indian tour. Sir Arthur is also one of the King's Extra Equerries, and was for some years Private Secretary to Queen Victoria with Sir Henry Ponsonby

Talking of India reminds me of a very typical trait which the fashionable craze for motoring is bringing out in the native. A friend of mine was motoring into Calcutta, after playing golf in the park at Barrackpore, and on the way the car passed over a native and only just missed scalping him. As compensation, the native was given 10s., with which he hobbled off quite gaily. Ever since, natives in the neighbourhood of Calcutta have been wildly throwing themselves in the way of every available motor, in the hope of similar "luck"!

* * *

The End of the Hunting Season

The latest accounts of the Marquess of Linlithgow, who had such a very bad fall while hunting with the North Cheshire Hounds in Cheshire Vale the other day, are quite favourable. The Marquess not only fractured his collar-bone, but broke four of his ribs, one of which punctured a lung Lord Linlithgow is married to a daughter of Lord Ventry, and has held many important posts for his country. He was Governor of Victoria from 1889 to 1895, and resigned the Governor-Generalship of Australia in 1902. He is a keen huntsman, and owns a pack of beagles and a pack of harriers.

* * *

A Racing and a Literary Noble Earl

Lord Ellesmere, who celebrated his sixtieth birthday last week (April 5), is a peer who combines an intense love for the sport of kings with more serious pursuits. The picture-gallery at his house in St. James's is world-famed, and his Lordship's claims to literary fame lie in the several books he has published, of a varied character, including "Jem Carruthers," "Sir Hector's Watch," and other novels, and some serious works.

* * *

Lord Lister

Another peer to whom, full of years and honours, birthday congratulations were due last week, is Lord Lister, who entered his eightieth year on the 5th. Lord Lister, who was made a Baron by Queen Victoria just ten years ago, is not only Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the King, but is also consulting surgeon at King's, and quite the greatest scientific doctor of the age. He has no son, so his title will die with him.

Sovereigns on Skis

Photo *A. B. Wilse, Christiania*

King Haakon VII. of Norway and Queen Maud Ski-ing in Christiania

End of the Dublin Season

Easter House-Parties

In ducal circles family house-parties at Easter are the invariable custom, and this year will see no exception to the rule. At Maiden Bradley, the Duchess of Somerset, who, by the way, will be very little in town this season, having let her house, will have a big family party, and hopes to have the Duke back from his cruise by that time; and the Marchioness of Londonderry, who has been one of the series of guests staying with Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, also intends to have a party at Easter, consisting almost entirely of relations.

At Bowood—where the King will pay a week-end visit during the coming summer — the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne will have a house-party which will include all their grandchildren, and probably the Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford; and at Blenheim the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough will be in residence during the holiday. At present the Marlborough family is scattered, the Duke being at his shooting-box, the Duchess in Paris, and the children at Westgate. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire do not leave Biarritz until about Easter-time, and, on their return, will go to Newmarket for the Craven Meeting. Her Grace intends starting her usual week-end parties at Compton Place, Eastbourne, early in May.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Hon. Mrs. John Cameron

(Marchioness Conyngham), who presented her daughter at the Dublin Drawing Room

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Unexpected Brilliance

The end of the Dublin season, which has, after all, been a most brilliant one, brings many people to London. The Earl and Countess of Erne have left Ireland, and will be in town until after the marriage of their younger daughter, Lady Mabel Crichton, to Lord Hugh Grosvenor. Their eldest daughter, it will be remembered, married Lord Dudley's youngest brother, the Hon. Gerald Ward, some years ago.

The Drawing Rooms were most crowded functions. One of the most distinguished of the débutantes was Lady Hersey Conyngham, third sister of the young Marquis Conyngham. The beauty and charm which the late Marquis's three daughters, the Ladies Blanche, Mildred, and Hersey, all possess is commonly supposed to be inherited from their great-great-grandmother, the redoubtable Mrs. FitzHerbert, but, as a matter of fact, the recently published "Life" of that fascinating lady reminds us that, like Emma, Lady Hamilton, she was of such proportions that all pretensions to beauty, perforce, disappeared, being swallowed up, so to speak, though the charm, in both cases, remained to the very end.

The young Marquis and his sisters live very quietly at Slane Castle, Co. Meath. Lady Hersey was presented by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. John Cameron, who prefers not to use her courtesy title of the Marchioness Conyngham.

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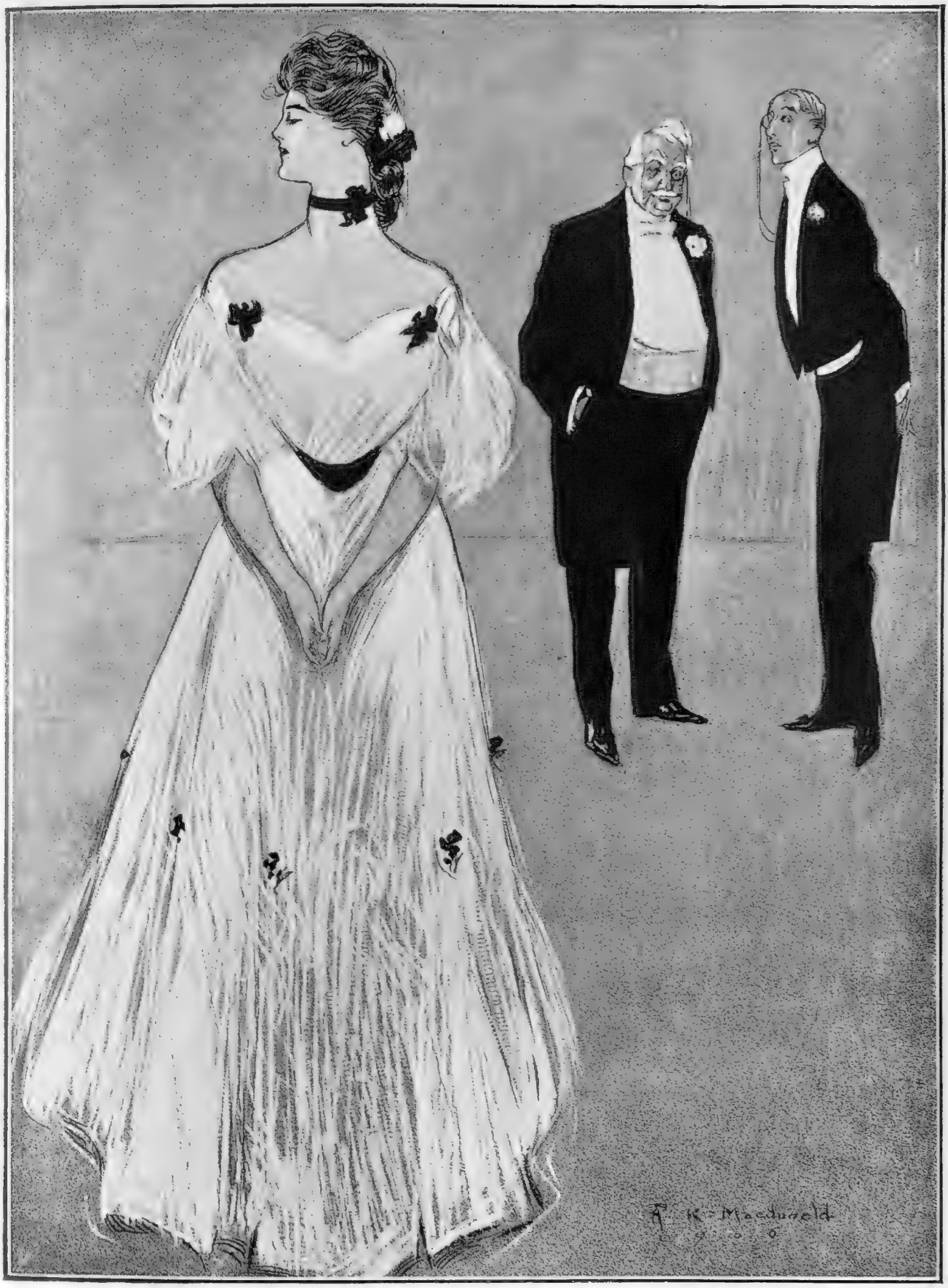
Improvement in Church Music

An interest in matters ecclesiastical cannot be said to be hereditary; indeed, the sons and daughters of, at any rate, the priests of the Anglican Church, are more often remarkable for their utter indifference to such things. The usual exception, however, is to be found in Lady Mary Forbes-Trefusis, who, with Miss Gregory, the daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's, has formed a society for the improvement of Church music. Lady Mary is the eldest sister of Earl Beauchamp, and inherits from her father her interest in all that concerns the Church. For a long time she was in waiting on the Princess of Wales, whose friend she is, and she married the Hon. Walter Forbes-Trefusis last year. Without doubt there is room for the improvement the society meditates, although the strides we have made in Church music during the last few years are almost too obvious to mention, for there are still too many people who seem to think a Church and a congregation a sufficient excuse for giving full vent to their religious ardour by roaring like a bull, and who, in common with the Bishop of Bristol, when they see a note they know by sight, let themselves go! Not all, however, are so considerate or modest as his lordship, who confesses that he "never lets the choir hear him."



The Eternal Problem

THE YOUNG MAN (*enthusiastically*): "I say! who is that beautiful woman here? Do you know her?"
THE OLDER ONE: "I don't, though I've been married to her for the last five years!"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

King Edward at Biarritz

The Retirement of Lord Meath

Another member of the aristocracy whose interest in Church matters is only exceeded by his wish to found a suitable "Empire Day," is Lord Meath, who, to everyone's regret, has just resigned the Chancellorship of the Royal University, Dublin. Lord Meath is one of the most energetic of Irish peers, and both he and his wife, who is a Lauderdale, are much given to good works. They have somehow managed to infuse into the atmosphere of their homes, both in Ireland and in London, that admirable, if rather heavy, feeling of solemnity and seriousness which, we are told, is so sadly lacking in the houses of the great in these degenerate days, and which it is the darling wish of the present representatives of the Crown in Ireland to infuse into their Court. The first step in this direction is certainly the marked disfavour with which the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen look upon racing; and in Ireland people now rather feel as if they are likely to fall between two stools—they don't want to offend their Excellencies, but for an Irishman to give up racin' and bettin'!—well, as soon ask a Scot to give up savin' or golfin'!

The Duke of Manchester

The model husband of an American wife

The Dowager Duchess of Manchester

During the King's stay at Biarritz, no day passed but he either lunched or had tea and played Bridge with his neighbour, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, who, by the way, is one of the best Bridge players going, as well as the most brilliant of pianists. *Née* Miss Yznaga, of Louisiana, the Duchess boasts all the grace and brightness of the typical American beauty of the Southern States, and, of late years, she has come so much into contact with clever people in the literary and artistic, as well as official worlds, that she is the most interesting companion possible. The King, though mainly interested in sporting matters, likes to hear a little of everything from his friends. The Duchess has had the satisfaction of seeing her son happily, in fact quite romantically, married to a wealthy American, and settled in one of the most perfect homes of the three kingdoms, Kylemore. There was a time when the Duke, in an excess of youthful spirits, amused himself rather absurdly—which everyone regretted, as his mental gifts are quite above the ordinary—and at one time he even wanted to go on the stage, for which, needless to say, he had no

Phyllis Court, Henley, which is now the headquarters of a new riverside club

AN UNNECESSARY QUESTION

THE BORROWING FIEND: "Excuse me, but have you a little drop of oil on you?"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY BUXTON

Defendant in His Own Court

natural talent. Those mad, bad days are for ever past, however, and the Duke now pursues the even tenor of his married way, playing one part only, *le mari exemplaire*. Men with American wives always do seem to behave so beautifully. I wonder is it because of, or in spite of, their wives' influence?

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River Clubs

I sometimes wonder how people managed to exist when there were no such things as clubs, and whether the sampler and the cock-fight filled the wants which are now catered for in so many hundreds of ways. Everyone has a club of some kind; to belong to an ordinary social club is no longer a distinction; and just now the talk is all of outdoor clubs, or rather of those clubs the chief aim of which is to provide open-air amusement for its members. The latest of these is the Phyllis Court Club at Henley, formed, as its committee particularise, to provide "headquarters for social and sporting life on the river for those of good social standing." It would be rather interesting to know how many figures one's income must reach before one becomes of sufficiently good social standing to become a member of the Club, and, also, why it is necessary, with members of such exalted social position, to make such a point of the fact that the committee is providing sleeping accommodation for ladies and gentlemen in entirely separate buildings. I have known dukes and duchesses sneak away together for a week-end with only one bag between them and no sign of a maid or a valet. How, then, are these same dukes to get hold of their brushes and things in the morning, the buildings being so entirely separated, for, of course, with that sweet unselfishness for which even women of high social position were ever famed, the duchess would have the bag in *her* building? I commend these little details to the consideration of the distinguished committee, which, of course, cannot be expected to go in for domestic matters of so small social moment.

There is also a rumour that still another river club is to be formed, lower down the stream, at Thames Ditton. Boyle Farm, the house where Lord St. Leonards used to live, has been suggested as a charming spot for a club, as indeed it would be. By the way, these clubs will be a boon if they succeed in causing river hotel proprietors to pull down their prices a little; at the present time the charges at most of the well-known hotels are too iniquitous for words. One doesn't so much mind paying a stiff price when one has had a really good meal, but when one has glanced at some unhappy beef and drank a modest glass of ale, a charge of 5*s.* or 7*s.* 6*d.* is almost the limit, so to speak.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton

Who recently underwent the very unusual experience of being defendant in a case which came before his own Court

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At Prince's

The fascinating sport of curling is far too little known, but an opportunity of making acquaintance with the game will be offered us next Monday, when a curling competition for a fifty-guinea cup will open at Prince's, and go on till Saturday. All the best curlers are competing, and all the clubs are sending representatives. Prince's is always best attended when the weather holds out no inducement for lingering in the Park or sauntering down Bond Street, and during the last week or two the Club has proved one of the most favoured rendezvous. Amongst the most energetic skaters are often to be seen the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Wenlock, and Lord Archibald Campbell.

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Waiting for the Cuckoo

Spring has made a second desperate attempt to appear upon the scene, and it is quite time that the first letter in the Press should appear from a triumphant reader announcing, with a wealth of detail, how the writer has been chosen to herald the advent of the cuckoo to a waiting world. Once this letter has appeared, we know that it is only a matter of a few weeks before we ourselves will hear the magic notes. Meanwhile, the unique photographs, taken by Mr. Newman, of the cuckoo in another's nest are of interest. BYSTANDER.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The late Sir Augustus Helder

Formerly M.P. for Whitehaven, and one of the Directors of *The Graphic*

The Late Sir Augustus Helder

The late Sir Augustus Helder, who sat as Member for Whitehaven in the last Parliament, was a prominent figure in the world of illustrated journalism. Connected with many business enterprises, he was also one of the Directors of *The Graphic*. In this capacity he was a constant visitor to these offices, and the staff of THE BYSTANDER would like to record their regret at the death of a very kindly and courteous gentleman.

Studies in Nature

EARLY DAYS IN THE EXISTENCE OF A YOUNG CUCKOO

Some Unique Photographs by J. T. NEWMAN

(1) Nest of a dummock (hedge-sparrow), with cuckoo's egg

The hen cuckoo, as is well known, lays a single egg in a nest belonging to some other bird, the hedge-sparrow being a favourite selection. The egg is hatched by the mother hedge-sparrow together with her own brood

(2) After the Hatching: Ejecting his nestmates

The young cuckoo is hatched exceedingly lusty and strong. His first act is to eject every other occupant of the nest, thereby getting all the room and food for himself. In this photograph he has thrown out one young bird, and is now engaged in expelling an unhatched egg

(3) A young cuckoo who has just ejected an egg from the nest

This photograph shows how rigidly the bird grasps either side of the nest as it proceeds in its self-imposed task

(4) Fledged and ready to fly

Our friend, after killing all his stepbrothers and sisters—a poor repayment to the parents—is now big enough take himself off. The cuckoo's early life shows how cruel Nature is to ensure the survival of the fittest

[THE EDITOR IS PREPARED TO CONSIDER PHOTOGRAPHS OF A SIMILAR NATURE TO THIS, BUT THEY MUST TELL A CONSISTENT STORY]

By FRANCES KEYZER

"Le Matin" on the Warpath

The true Parisian does not feel happy unless his morning paper brings him some exciting news, which at the same time supplies him with a subject he can discuss whilst taking his ante-prandial absinthe or his post-prandial *bock*. He grew very tired of Algeciras, and great, therefore, was his delight when he read that *Le Matin*, the most important daily here, intends starting a campaign against the "blackmailing Press." It is a formidable undertaking, compared to which the cleaning of the Augean stable was a trifle; but the before-mentioned journal is equal to the task. A high police official once told me that the number of people in Paris making a considerable living out of blackmailing is perfectly appalling, and, relying on the fear and cowardice of their victims, they can carry on their trade with impunity. The blackmailing fraternity here is divided and subdivided into a great many categories, among which those levying tribute on private people are the most objectionable. Here we find the female element largely represented, and, in their midst, ex-ladies' maids, ex-theatrical dressers, ex-nurses, etc., who, having peeped into the cupboards where the family skeletons are hidden, make practical use of their knowledge. Their ranks are swelled by discharged private secretaries, clerks, valets, etc. These, however, are the free lances of the army of blackmailers, and their very lack of organisation would soon tell against them if their prey had but the courage to show a bold front.

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The Revolver Press

The most daring and also the most dangerous among the gang are the members of the "revolver press," scoundrels who call themselves journalists, and exploit business people. There they have virtually an unlimited field, and, almost needless to say, financiers of every description are their favourite prey. Their *modus operandi* is very simple. The blackmailer registers the title of a new paper he is supposed to bring out, and then calls on some unfortunate man who, in his dealings with others, has not strictly observed the code of honesty. The article, giving all the details of the transaction, is set up in type, and the financier is asked to buy it. The latter generally starts by resisting, and shows his visitor the door. Woe to him! The paper containing the objectionable article is printed—only a few hundred copies to avoid needless expense—and sent to the victim's customers and friends, and even to his relatives and servants. And the dose is repeated until he cries *pax*, regretting he did not do so earlier.

The Law and the Blackmailer

And the law? How is it the law does not deal with these malefactors? This is where the trouble comes in. In 1881, a so-called new Press law was passed, and in order to guarantee the liberty of the Press the various clauses were framed in such a loose manner that it became an easy matter to classify cases of blackmailing among "Press offences," which in France only meet with a nominal punishment. Not many weeks ago one of our largest banking establishments, which has a branch in London, was attacked by one of the aforementioned "revolver sheets." The paper hinted that the establishment in question was in financial straits, with the result that there was a slight panic among the customers, who began to withdraw their money. In England the responsible editor would have been sent to prison like a common felon, and have been mulcted in heavy damages. The victims here did not even prosecute the paper, well knowing that a charge would not lead to any results. The admirable campaign which *Le Matin* has started has, therefore, a twofold aim. In the first place, it will disclose the names of all those who, for a great number of years, have carried on this system of highway robbery. Secondly, these disclosures will rouse our Deputies to action, and a new law will have to be made to protect the public instead of the blackmailer.

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A Great Painter

Eugéne Carrière has succumbed to the terrible malady that attacked him three years ago; the great painter is dead. To-day everybody knows the works of Carrière, the painter of Maternity, as he has been called, the painter of children in their mothers' arms, of happy thoughtless children with sad thoughtful mothers, mothers who seem to look into the future and see care for the little ones, trouble and disappointments. Eugéne Carrière painted his family, his wife and children, painted his love of humanity, his great love and sympathy with all who suffered, his knowledge of life and the sadness of it, in his portraits of the little ones as they came to him year after year. I knew him first when there were five of them, when he painted "La Famille," now in the Luxembourg Museum, before Arsène was born, who is now eight years old. I knew him when he, his wife, and the children, lived in the one room that served as bedroom, dining-room, and studio; where the family were his only models, and every child as it came was received with gratitude as another subject for the paintings that were sold for bread. Sold at that time for a few louis, they are now worth their tens of thousands.

Carrière and the Dreyfus "Affaire"

As a painter, Carrière is so well known that it is not necessary to make any further reference to his work. As a man there is much to say, and many facts in his interesting life are ignored. At the time the iniquitous sentence was passed on Dreyfus, and the Church party and militarists were terrorising the country, Carrière was among the first publicly to denounce the crime that had been committed. I have seen some of the threatening letters he received, and it is not too much to say that for several weeks he ran a great personal risk, and his friends never left him alone. In fact, it was after a meeting between Carrière and Zola that the latter wrote his famous article, "*J'accuse*," which led to the dramatic *dénouement* that everybody remembers, and compelled him to seek refuge in Upper Norwood. And on the day of Carrière's funeral, after the official speeches by M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, the Fine Arts Minister, MM. Roll, Rodin, and others, a delegate from the International Peace Association referred, in touching terms, in the name of M. Constant-d'Estournelles, to the part Eugéne Carrière had played in the movement that ended in the *Entente Cordiale*.

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An Erotic Novel

I wonder how many English readers know Pierre Louys' erotic novel, "Aphrodite," and how many of them own to having read it? It is a smartly written book, full of artistic touches, clever and fascinating, but strong—terribly strong. It was, therefore, not surprising that the most case-hardened among Parisian theatre-goers felt a "sensation" when they heard that M. Louis de Gramont was preparing a libretto founded on the novel, and that we would see Chrysis, the fair courtesan, in the flesh, with Myrto and Rhodis, the flute players, two little depraved girls. Would Bacchis, the other courtesan, who crucifies one of her female slaves at the close of a banquet at her house, also appear before us? We trembled, we looked at one another with fear; but on the day of the dress rehearsal the hall of the Opéra Comique was filled to overflowing. But there was no occasion for anyone to blush. M. de Gramont simply skipped over the difficulty by dealing with the simple plot without risking himself on dangerous ground. In fact, he deodorized everything so well that nothing remained but an uninteresting story to which M. Erlanger has written some interesting music. The beauty of "Aphrodite," the novel, was in the language and the artistic atmosphere. In the opera all we have to replace these is the scenery.

Lancelot Speed

"The Bystander" in Paris

There is no reason why those of my readers who are spending a holiday in Paris should not see THE BYSTANDER every week, for it can be bought at all the chief railway bookstalls, and most of the kiosks, while our Paris offices are situated at 24, Cité Trevise. THE BYSTANDER has, since its commencement, been a great favourite with the frequenters of Neil's Library, and it can now also be seen every week at the *Daily Chronicle* Reading Room, at 10, Boulevard des Capucins, which that paper has lately opened for the use of English and American visitors.

A street in Bayonne, lately visited by the King

During his stay at Biarritz, King Edward motored over to Bayonne, which is noted for its thirteenth-century Cathedral and other antiquities

The PLAYHOUSES

Lyric Theatre

MAURICETTE

Time has stood still with Miss Dorothea Baird. More than a decade has passed since she stepped out of Du Maurier's book upon the stage of the Haymarket Theatre. Now she is playing a part so much like the dear Trilby of old that we rub our eyes and wonder why we no longer see the blue military cloak, the striped petticoat, the pretty bare feet; and we long for Mauricette to give utterance to that expression of childish surprise, delight, and wonder, "O Maïe Aïe!"

Yes, Mauricette is our old friend Trilby with not *quite* the same exuberance of spirits, but with all the old ingenuousness and engaging frankness. The entrance of Mauricette into the household of Roger Dautran and his wife serves as another reminder of Trilby. It recalls Trilby's invasion of the studio shared by the three Musketeers of the Brush. Both Mauricette and Trilby bring happiness and regret in their wake. And the happiness which comprises the comedy of each play is by far the best element in each. It is pleasant to hear Mauricette "run on so" throughout the first act. The after scenes do not hold our interest in the same manner. What should have been the strong situation of the play—the realisation of Dautran's wife that her plan for keeping her husband at home by engaging Mauricette as her companion, has in reality widened the breach between husband and wife—this scene misses its effect. It may be that the simplicity of Mme. Dautran is a little difficult to swallow. Even Miss Marion Terry could not do much with the character.

Dautran, on the other hand, affords Mr. H. B. Irving a chance to display a polished bit of acting. He makes such fine play against his age. One can so readily understand his tender love for Mauricette and her great regard for him.

Mr. Leslie Faber, as the doctor whose youth prevails against the years of his rival in the winning of Mauricette, played with fine feeling and admirable restraint.

Mauricette is an uneven play, but the virtues far outweigh the defects.

Miss Phyllis Broughton

Who is making a welcome re-appearance upon the stage after a lengthy absence. Miss Broughton will be seen in the forthcoming production of *The Dairy Maids* at the Apollo

Mr. Martin Harvey's Plans

Mr. Martin Harvey has fixed the 25th inst. for the production of the new light comedy which he has secured from B. M. Dix and E. G. Sutherland, the two ladies who, under the name of "John Rutherford," collaborated so successfully in *The Breed of the Treshams*. The new play is named *The Rapparee Trooper*, the period being the latter part of the seventeenth century. Mr. Harvey is said to have a particularly engaging rôle in the hero, Brian O'Carroll, whilst Miss N. de Silva is to appear as his horse-boy, Paudheen. Miss Kate Rorke has been specially engaged to appear as Lady Honoria de Vere, a fascinating Irish widow.

"Sacred Concerts" in America

If you would see a satirical drawing, turn to our centre double-page illustration this week. In the foreground you will see, if not an old friend, at least a gentleman whom you will recognise by the shape of his ears, and by the gleam of amusement in his eyes. His Satanic Majesty is witnessing from a stage-box a "Sacred Concert" in New York. The point of the drawing will be recognised at once by an American, but for the benefit of the English reader, a word about the sacred concert in America may be in season.

The laws which govern theatrical entertainments in America vary in the different States. In New York State theatrical and variety performances are not permitted on Sunday. But they have a way over there of getting round other laws besides those which govern the sale of drinks. So there sprang up the "sacred concert," sacred only in name. The

SCENES FROM

"Mauricette"

AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

DAUTRAN (*Mr. H. B. Irving*): "What's the matter? You look as though you were going to run away?"
MAURICETTE (*Miss Dorothea Baird*): "And so I am"

MME. DAUTRAN (*Miss Marion Terry*): "He (Dautran) has one thought, one desire to see her (Mauricette) again"
PAUL AUBERT: "Ah!"
MME. DAUTRAN: "Remember your promise"

Mr. Leslie Faber (*Paul Aubert*) **Miss Ethel Warwick** (*Mme. Chavray*) **Miss Marion Terry** (*Mme. Dautran*) **Mr. H. B. Irving** (*Roger Dautran*) **Mr. W. T. Lovell** (*Chavray*)

Roger Dautran (Mr. H. B. Irving) has been married twenty years. He finds home life rather dull, and welcomes the arrival of the fascinating Mauricette (Miss Dorothea Baird). He falls under her spell, and so does Paul Aubert, a young doctor. The moral of the play is that youth must mate with youth. So Mauricette weds Paul, to the grief of Dautran. In the last act, Dautran, haggard and broken down after illness, comes to the home of the young married couple. The young wife instinctively realises her love for her young husband, and Dautran has learned his lesson that elderly admirers must be left in the cold

letter of the law is inviolate, but the spirit is broken. The "sacred concert" is nothing but the ordinary programme of a music-hall without scenery, costumes, and grease-paint, and with the addition of a few musical turns of a religious tendency, such as a solo from the *Elijah*. Sometimes the sacred element commences the programme; occasionally it is reserved as a last turn. In no case is it strong enough to colour with any save the washiest of tints the decidedly "lay" character of the entertainment. Small wonder that the Devil is depicted by the artist with a grin of amusement upon his countenance as he watches a variety star kick her pretty feet free from the flounces of her walking costume.

Camille under Canvas

But a few months ago the pretty ways of the American Theatrical Trust were shown up in the English Press, so the news that the Divine Sara was compelled to carry, as part of her equipment, a huge tent of the Barnum's Circus type, in order to give her performance, comes as no surprise to English audiences. Of course, the novelty of the entertainment proved the very finest kind of advertisement, and under the canvas crowded hundreds who could have enjoyed but little of the performance beyond the golden voice of the actress. Our American cousins are reported to have a most keenly developed sense of humour, but they never can see their own ridiculousness. Dickens is still hated because he made fun of the situation involved in the sale of large tracts of land, the milk and honey of which flowed only in the advertisements. Rudyard Kipling has not yet lived down his series of articles in which, among other unkind remarks, he said American railways were made of matches and hairpins. Sarah Bernhardt's tent has not been able to overshadow the Theatre Trust. In England the amount of ridicule which has been poured upon that organisation would have turned out a Government. E. C. S.

Photo *Olive and Katharine Edis*

Miss Ellen Terry's little grandsons

They are the sons of Mr. Gordon Craig, whose artistic work in the matter of stage productions is so well known

Miss Lily Brayton

As Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*, at the Adelphi Theatre

Where Shall We Go To-night?

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

His Majesty's, at 8: *Nero.*—This fine spectacular play is still drawing crowds.

Haymarket, at 9: *The Man from Blankley's.*—The funniest piece now running in town. Revival shows no sign of age.

Garrick, at 8.45: *Brother Officers.*—A good military play, revised and revived.

Adelphi, at 8.30: *Measure for Measure.*—If you don't see it now you may have to wait for another twenty years or so.

Gaiety, at 8: *The New Spring Chicken.*—A lively bird, with more flutter than ever.

Daly's, at 8.30: *The Little Michus.*—The best musical piece in town. Beginning to rival *Veronique* in popularity.

Prince of Wales's, at 8: *The Little Cherub.*—Musical comedy, with a capable cast.

St. James's, at 8 sharp: *His House in Order.*—The success of the season. Order your seats early or you will have to wait an unconscionable time.

Wyndham's, at 9: *The Candidate.* — Somewhat old-fashioned in humour, but Charles Wyndham is in the piece.

New, at 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimpernel.*—Good strong play with plenty of colour, principally red.

Criterion, at 9: *The Little Stranger.*—Farce written round the peculiarities of Master Edward Garratt.

Court, at 8.30: *The Hippolytus of Euripides.*—You will like it without any necessity of posing as an earnest student of the drama.

Duke of York's, at 9: *All-of-a-Sudden Peggy.*—Miss Marie Tempest in a merry mood.

Aldwych, at 8: *The Beauty of Bath.*—Seymour-Hicksian musical comedy. The Bath Buns are dainty morsels.

Terry's, at 9: *The New Clown*; at 8.20: *A Lady Burglar.*—Mr. Welch revives an old favourite.

Lyric, at 8.45: *Mauricette.*—Mr. H. B. Irving in an interesting play of Paris life. At 8.15: Monologue by Mr. Sam Sothern.

Imperial, at 8.30: *Brigadier Gerard.*—Mr. Waller as the devil of a fellow. The play is rather Maskelyne and Devantian in places.

Waldorf, at 8.30: *The Second in Command.* Another favourite play revived.

Shaftesbury, at 8: *Mr. Popple.*—You are invited to music and apples at the house of a most amusing countryman.

Scala, at 8.30: *The School for Husbands.*—Miss Jessie Millward in an old comedy, written very nicely by a new playwright.

Mr. Cyril Maude as a "Weary Willie"

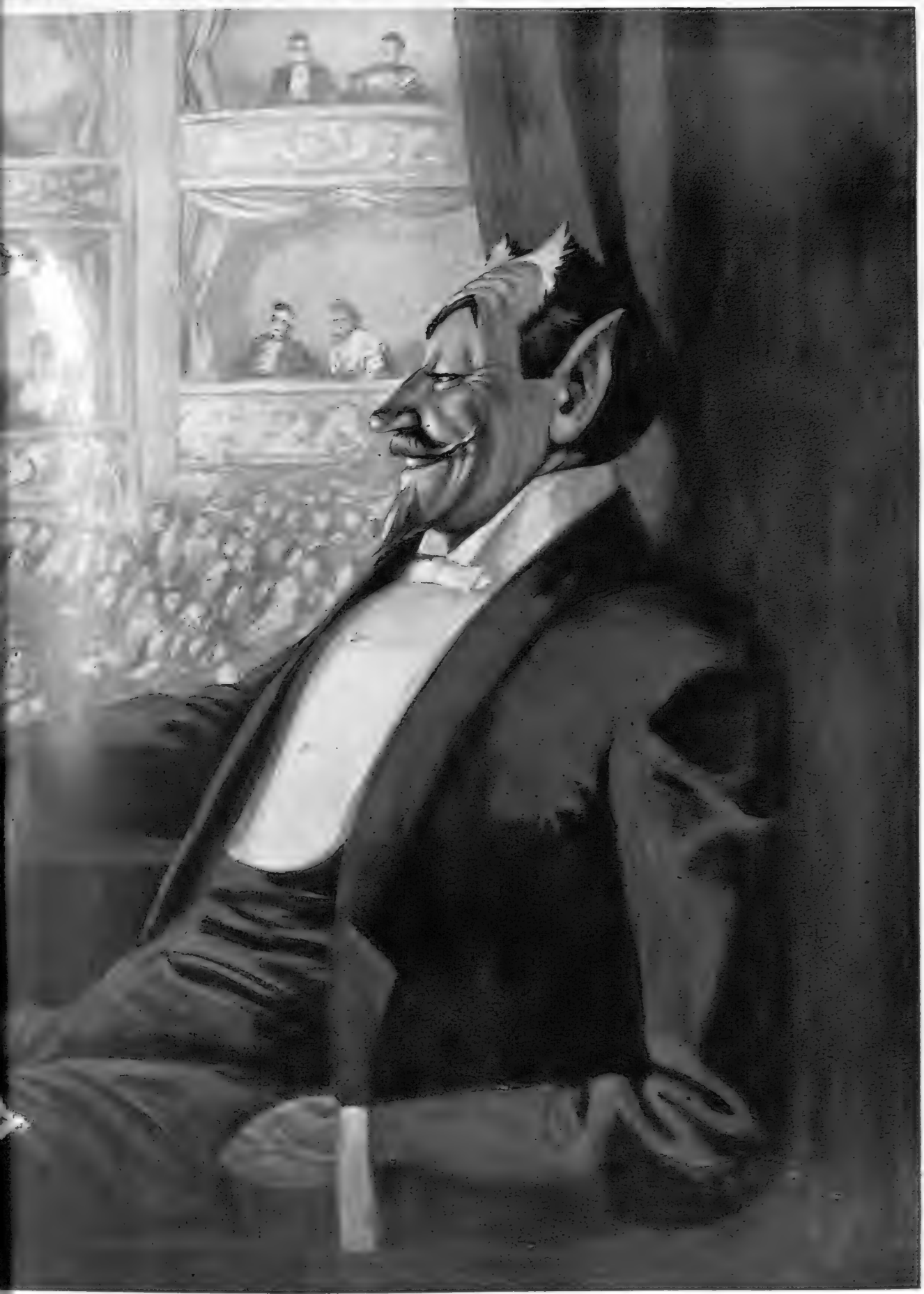
Theatre-goers should not miss *The Partik'ler Pet*, which is now being played as a first piece to *The Second in Command*. Mr. Maude's tramp is a most humorous creation

SKETCHED AT THE WALDORF THEATRE BY J. W. THORPE

At a Sunday "Sacred C

This satirical drawing, the meaning of which is at once apparent to an American, needs a word of explanation for English readers. In the State of New York the law does not permit theatrical or variety performances on Sunday. On the other hand, concerts not entailing the use of stage [illegible] given. True these so-called "Sacred Co[illegible] turns of a religious tendency, such as a [illegible]

oncert" in New York



s, facial make-up, scenery, etc., may be " are a mere farce. There will be a few om the *Elijah*, but sandwiched between these will be music-hall turns by serio-comics garbed in ordinary street dress. Here is a pretty piece of symbolism on the part of the artist, for the quality of the performance can no more be disguised than can his Satanic Majesty himself.

The Connoisseur

Some Oriental Silver

One very marked quality of Indian silver-work hitherto has been its profound adherence to the ornamentation that is locally traditional to the craft. From time to time the influences of the Occident have shown for a moment, but quickly disappeared, although many important Europeans have had their silver-plate produced in India and other parts of Asia. The complicated and elaborate decoration of the two-handled cup in the centre of the second illustration is highly characteristic of the style most beloved of Indian connoisseurs. The figures and serpents are doubtless symbolic, and mysteries hang about its form and fashioning. The vessel on four feet with cover is a claret jug for European uses, the beaker on the other side—with the exception of the plain edge—is of an involved and popular Eastern pattern. The large tray at the back of the two-handled cup shows a quality which is, unfortunately, rare in Indian work—namely, the use of the plain surface, always of the greatest value in a decorative design.

Indian silver-work

Rose-water ewer and dish, showing European influence in form
(From Lord Auckland's Collection)

Earl of Auckland's Service

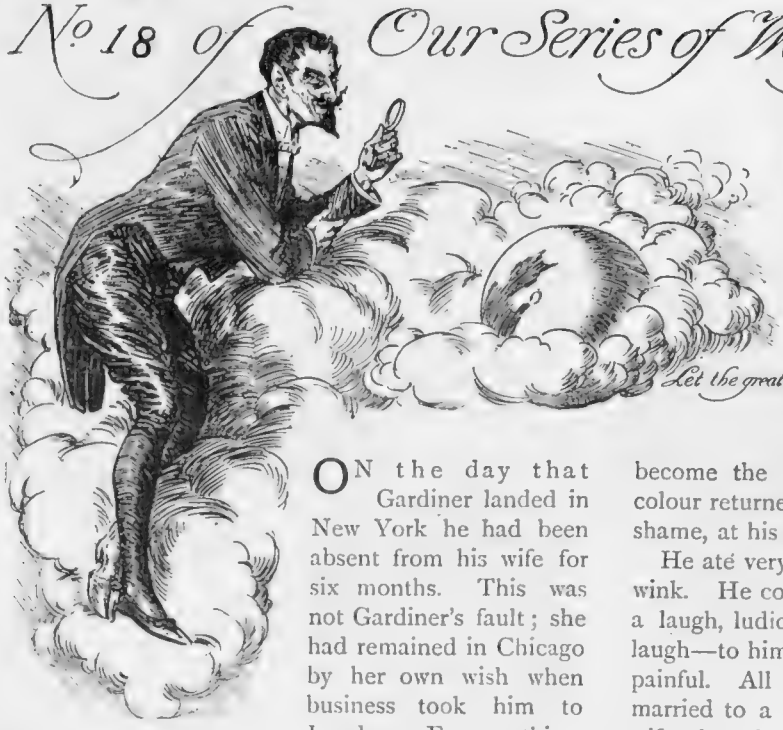
These pieces, which are illustrated, and also the somewhat Western Rose-water ewer and dish or tray, were recently sold at Christie's, and purchased by Messrs. Emanuel, of the Hard, Portsea. All these pieces, at one time, formed part of the service of Oriental plate belonging to George, Lord Auckland, who was Governor-General of India from 1835 to 1841. However, his six years of office are not forgotten, and the present collection of plate shows that he entered into the spirit of the people he governed and made use of their arts and crafts.

E. M.

Indian silver-work made for Lord Auckland

Characteristic double-handled cup, curious claret jug, fine tray, and beaker with traditional ornament

No. 18 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



The Propriety of Pauline

By LEONARD MERRICK

Author of "The Worldlings," "When Love Flies Out o' the Window," etc.

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield.

ON the day that Gardiner landed in New York he had been absent from his wife for six months. This was not Gardiner's fault; she had remained in Chicago by her own wish when business took him to London. For one thing, she had begun to lose her interest in his business—he wrote the "books" of musical comedies—and for another, she had begun to pronounce Europe "decadent" and "effete."

He had not seen her for six months, and he entered the train with impatience. He was very fond of Pauline, though during the last year or so he had observed the increasing seriousness of her outlook with dismay; she was not—and he could not persuade himself that she was—quite so amusing as she used to be, quite so companionable. She remained, however, quite as enchantingly pretty, and the fancy of her *svelte* figure in his embrace, of the welcome of her beautiful eyes, and lips, and arms, was so imperative, that Gardiner could hardly interest himself in the bundle of newspapers that he had bought.

As he turned them over, he thought again of her recent letters. They had been disturbing, there was a new note in them—or, more precisely, a crescendo of the note that she had sounded some time ago. She appeared to be—he could not disguise the fact from himself—in danger of developing into the sort of woman that he especially detested—the prude. He decided to plead to her more earnestly than he had done hitherto, to entreat her to be always the *piquante*, captivating little chum that he had married. And just as he was playing, mentally, a delicious scene, in which she surrendered to his appeal with kisses, her name leapt to him out of the *Herald*:—

"Mrs. Barry Gardiner, of Chicago, wife of the well-known dramatist, and the president of the newly formed League for the Suppression of Impropriety, has opened a campaign against ladies' 'elbow sleeves,' which she declares are full of danger to the purity of the young men of the Land."

"Great Scott!" gasped Gardiner. The blood left his cheeks. He sat staring at the paragraph, paralysed.

Pauline, the woman he loved, the woman who had been such a delightful girl, was notorious—had become the most obnoxious kind of crank! His colour returned with a rush—he turned red, red with shame, at his wife's prurience.

He até very little on the journey, and slept not a wink. He could not shrug his shoulders at her, with a laugh, ludicrous as she was; it was for others to laugh—to him, her husband, the situation was simply painful. All at once, Gardiner felt as if he were married to a stranger, felt that he was bound to a wife whom he did not know, and whom he shrank from knowing. What could their life together be now? A continuous conflict and humiliation!

Oh, but she should be brought to her senses! He would not permit her to make herself and him ridiculous in this fashion. The anomaly was too conspicuous—the husband who wrote "leg pieces," and the wife who indicted the wearers of elbow sleeves. How everyone must be guffawing. He thanked his luck that he hadn't dropped into the "Lambs" before driving to the depôt. Why, the division in the house of Gardiner must be the star joke of America!

Chicago was reached in the morning. He had a very charming little villa on the North side—where it is nearly Germany, but not quite—and as the surface-car rushed him home, the population were streaming down town to their offices, and giving one another the German for "Good day."

Pauline was writing letters when he opened the parlour door.

"Barry—darling!" she cried, dropping her pen; and for a moment he was holding the Pauline of their honeymoon.

"Why didn't you cable?" she said breathlessly. "What boat did you come by?"

"I got through sooner than I expected; I thought I'd surprise you."

"Dear old boy! Well?"

"Well?" He noted that she had adopted a Quakerish costume that made her as unlovely as nature allowed. "What have you got on?" he asked. "Is that *le dernier cri?*"

She looked a trifle embarrassed.

"I dress like this now," she said; "all the women of the League do."

"I saw something about your League in a paper on board the train," answered Gardiner. "You know, Pauline—but we'll talk about that by-and-by! Well, dearest, the show went fairly well in

Next week will be published "The History of a Connoisseur Deal," by DION CLAYTON CALTHROP and COMYNS BEAUMONT

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

London, and I've a commission that's going to mean money. You received the Press notices I sent?"

"I received them, y-e-s," she murmured.

"What's wrong? They were pretty complimentary, weren't they?"

"I—well, as you say, we can talk about that by-and-by."

"I guess," said Gardiner, "that we may as well talk about it right away. Those notices are going to lead to dollars, and dollars are what I'm in the business for, so it's not an uncongenial topic. I thought you'd be mighty pleased."

"My—my views have changed," she stammered. "To speak frankly, I can't approve your business."

"Oh! how's that?" He was smiling, but he wasn't entertained.

"I disapprove very strongly," she went on with more firmness; "it is in direct opposition to the League. We are working to remove temptation from the path of young men; I am lecturing on the evil influence of women's dress — the ordinary costumes that one sees in any drawing-room. You can understand that it would be grossly inconsistent of me to protest against elbow sleeves if my husband continued to bring out plays in which girls exposed their limbs in short skirts?"

"Perfectly," he agreed.

"That's all right, then!" she said cheerfully. "I was afraid you'd want to argue about it."

"So, my darling," added Gardiner, "you had better not protest any more."

"What?" she faltered.

"I say that you had better not protest any more, for, as you see, you are placing yourself in a very false position."

"My dear Barry! I don't think you have grasped the sense of what I say."

"I think I have," said Gardiner. "You point out, with undeniable truth, the incongruity between your own campaign and my plays. Well, obviously, since we can't have both, you must stop your campaign."

"Oh, no, indeed," she exclaimed, "you must stop the plays."

"Are you serious?" inquired her husband, after a slight pause.

"It is far too grave a subject for me to jest upon it," said Pauline, with cold dignity.

"You propose that I should renounce my means of livelihood in order that you may have a free hand to make yourself a laughing stock?"

"You are scarcely polite," she flamed.

"Your subject itself is not polite," returned Gardiner; "it is, as a matter of fact, highly indelicate. I should object to my wife defiling herself with it, even if I didn't work for the theatre at all. Good heavens, Pauline, can't you realise what people must be saying about you?"

"All reformers must be prepared for stones. There are many people, in Chicago alone, who are with me heart and soul."

"What people? Not your parents, I'll bet! Women who thirst for publicity, and haven't the brains to acquire it by any reputable means! Those are the large majority of the people who are 'with you heart and soul'—they can't 'carve their names in bronze,' and so they will write them in mud. The rest are either women who have gone cranky through idleness, or born meddlers of a nasty turn of mind."

"May I ask in which category you include *me?*"

"I include you among the second—you have become eccentric for lack of occupation."

"Eccentric?"

"Well, you'll admit that the normal woman has no devouring aim to lengthen her neighbour's sleeves? You have never had anything to do worth doing, that's your trouble. Your father is a successful business-man, and he brought you up to a life of leisure. Then you married—and we have no family. It is an implanted instinct in your sex to dress something or somebody; in the nursery you dressed dolls; in different circumstances, you would now dress children; as it is, you want to dress other women. Indulge the natural inclination with artistry—design models!"

"Oh, this is preposterous!" she cried. "You are talking to me as if I were an idiot! I am engaged in very necessary and very noble work—and work, moreover, that is essentially woman's province; if the way our sisters dress provokes impure thoughts it is for us to tell them so, and insist on a reform. Do you suggest that the movement should be headed by men?"

"I suggest that there should be no movement at all."

"You would allow the evil to flourish unchecked?"

"The only evil exists in the minds of the meddlers."

"That is the merest fudge. As a man of the world, you know very well that it exists."

"As a man of the world I know very well that the 'movement,' as you call it, provokes precisely the kind of thoughts that you are eager to suppress. And anyhow, I resent my wife's getting up in public and talking about these things. It makes me ashamed."

"It would make *me* ashamed," she retorted, "to know that I neglected vital work because I feared the sneers of the worldly."

"Vital? Ye Gods!"

"If I save one soul——"

"By lengthening a pair of sleeves? Do you tolerate bare hands, or is woman always to be gloved?"

"The effect produced on the masculine imagination by the sight of the female arm——"

"My dear Pauline, save it for the League of Ladies! As an average man, I draw the line."

"In other words, you'd like to shirk my facts?"

"In other words," cried Gardiner, exasperated, "I'd like to box your ears!"

After that the President did not speak to him for the rest of the day, of course; and it was in these circumstances that he returned to Chicago.

It was a woefully different return from the one he had pictured, and since he was too loyal to make his moan to friends, the only condolence that he received was her parent's. Her parents were hardly less dismayed than Gardiner himself; but even they were unsatisfactory, for they had counted on his home-coming to put a stop to her folly, and were inclined to reproach him for weakness.

"You should exert your authority, my boy," urged Mr. Hummel; "if argument is no good, you should exert your authority! I'm astonished that you don't forbid such blithers—you're her husband!"

"Great Scott, I've struck the wrong room!" gasped the young man. "Excuse me, madam!"

DRAWN BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS TO ILLUSTRATE OUR WORLDLY STORY

"She got the bit between her teeth and bolted while I was away," returned the harassed young man. "What's gained by my 'forbidding'—I can't lock her up! It puzzles me that you couldn't restrain her—you're her father!"

"Well, well, it's no use our reproaching each other," said Mr. Hummel, testily. "The question is, what's to be done? She's making America mighty unpleasant for us. I'm afraid to pick up a comic paper nowadays—and her mother proposes to reside permanently in Paris. I cannot quit Chicago myself—it is considerably rough on a man to be left a grass-widower because his daughter's husband is unable to control her."

"You have my earnest sympathy," declared his son-in-law. "I am sure you realise also that the situation is not all clams and candy for *me*—*I* have to live with her! Apart from my natural aversion from my wife serving as material for the comic papers, it is discomfiting to know that she regards me as one of the most satanic of her opponents."

"What?"

"I have been home for three weeks now, and she has never failed to sigh ponderously as she passed my desk."

"Pauline wishes you to give up your work?"

"She originally demanded that I should do so. However, that point has now been waived; she resigns herself to my continuing my occupation on the understanding that I make no attempt to interfere with hers. Some people might consider that satisfactory—I am not among those optimists. I married your daughter with the notion of our travelling through life side by side, not of our tugging silently in opposite directions."

"Talk to her, Barry," exclaimed Mr. Hummel, "talk to her, my boy! Give her a kiss, and a good time—come to a tender understanding; she has a warm heart, although she is out of her head. A few affectionate words may accomplish wonders."

"Well," assented Gardiner, "I will have a final shot at it. But I am not sanguine; and as to kisses and good times, she has no leisure for such frivolities—she is too busy writing pamphlets and addressing the League. Sir, I have no longer a wife! The lamentable position of yourself and my mother-in-law when the Atlantic rolls between you will be an ideal union compared with your daughter's and my own. Comparatively, you will enjoy a honeymoon!"

He had scarcely exaggerated the breach, nor did his "few affectionate words" do anything to heal it. Pauline candidly held his career in abhorrence now, and though they had arrived at a compromise, she would permit herself no demonstrations of tenderness towards one in the devil's camp; to embrace him, she felt, would be too monstrously incongruous on the part of the President of the League for the Suppression of Impropriety. She spoke to him amiably—upon matters which interested neither of them; she sat at table with him as often as her public duties allowed; but their intercourse was the intercourse of acquaintances, the villa was no longer their home—it was merely their house.

Now if Gardiner had not loved his foolish wife sincerely—if she had not been, in spite of her new phase, the only woman on this planet to him—the story could have had but one conclusion; he would have found outside the house the companionship that was denied to him within, and "The End" would have been written "Gardiner *v.* Gardiner and somebody else." But he did love her sincerely—so sincerely that the ridicule with which she covered him was insignificant to his mind beside the fact of their estrangement—and after many sleepless nights, during which he questioned how he could win her back, he devised an experiment.

One morning he had another chat with Mr. Hummel, who was in the Real Estate business; and in the afternoon, when Pauline returned from a Meeting, he said to her, "Pauline, my dear, can you spare me ten minutes?"

"Is it important?" she inquired, with surprise. "I have a good deal of work to do to-night."

"It *is* important," admitted Gardiner; "besides, I think it will please you. You must see, Pauline—in fact, you pointed it out to me when I came back from Europe—that your work and mine clash—and the discord has separated us. Well, I'm not going to be a humbug and pretend that I've come to like your work, but I'm immensely fond of *you*, and I can't bear to lose you. So I've concluded to get out of the theatre, darling! I don't expect you to throw your arms round me instanter, of course—I know I must prove myself in earnest first; but when a few months have passed and you see that I mean it, I hope things will be as they were between us, eh?"

"Oh, Barry," she murmured, "I—you know I shall always love you, don't you, dear? It isn't that I love you any less, but my conscience——"

"Quite so," said Gardiner, "I fully understand; circumstances compel one or the other of us to make a sacrifice—and I've cast myself for the part! I'll cancel my contract to supply a play next Fall, and I'll never write another line for the stage unless you want me to."

"But—but how are we to live?" she faltered.

"Well, that's the drawback—I ought to have said that we must collaborate in the sacrifice! Your father has promised me a berth in his office; he has been very liberal, considering that I haven't an atom of business training—he is going to start me at twenty dollars a week. In a boarding-house we can manage comfortably on twenty dollars a week; and he has offered to raise me to thirty at the end of a year if I get the hang of things."

"A boarding-house?" Her voice was faint.

"It's a bit rough on you I know, but it seems the only way out. We can't go on like this—and, naturally, we can't run our own home on the salary. Anyhow, you will be free to continue your mission, and my trade won't be jarring your sensibilities."

"It is most generous of you," stammered Pauline; "I appreciate your concession very much."

"Dearest, I am doing it as much for my own sake as yours—I'd rather lose twenty trades than my wife! We'll get out of this place at once—try to let it as it stands—and, if you have time, you might look round for as decent a pension as you can strike. I think we could afford fifteen dollars a week, eh? That will leave us five for dress and sundries; we

(*Continued on page 82*)

A Player of Promise

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Dagmar Wiehe, in "The Man from Blankley's" at the Haymarket

GWENNIE (*Miss Winifred Winter*): "Jane thinks you are quite plain. Hannah says you aren't her style. Still, Miss Seaton, I've got quite fond of you"

Miss Dagmar Wiehe, a new-comer to the London stage, made a capital impression as the governess, Miss Seaton. She does not fall into that common mistake of beginners—over-acting

(Continued from page 80)

mustn't reckon on the rent from the house right away—I guess it'll be quite a while before we find a tenant."

That night it was Pauline who was sleepless; and when she went down to breakfast, a person on the sidewalk was fixing a notice-board which announced that the villa was to be let, furnished.

Her position was extremely awkward; theoretically, she rejoiced at her husband's heroism, but, in practice, she quailed before the prospect of a boarding-house. Once she suggested to him that she was, perhaps, unjustified in allowing him to go to such lengths, but Gardiner waved her objection aside.

"Weave no laurels for me," he said; "either you or I had to climb down—and for you it was impossible; I merely accept the alternative with a good grace. We begin life again, that's all—and, fortunately, we are both young; who knows, in ten or fifteen years, I may be earning as much in the Real Estate business as I'm earning now as a writer! In the meantime, love will sweeten the dose to *me*, and your own jam will be a restful conscience."

And it was Gardiner who found the boarding-house—Pauline's expeditions were, somehow, unsuccessful. He found a house in Illinois Street, and they moved in with their luggage on a wet Wednesday.

The average boarding-house of America is less suicidally depressing than that of England; not only are the food and the cooking far better—human people stay in American boarding-houses, whereas in England boarding-houses are supported by a class apart, a class that one never sees anywhere else. Gardiner's discovery, however, was distinctly below the average. In this establishment one could board—that is to say, one could occupy a "hall room," and partake of two meals daily—for five dollars a week, and some of its patrons were as low as the terms they paid. The President's conscience gave her scant encouragement as she descended to the basement at the clashing of the supper bell, and glanced at the slop made faces of the company. The young men's voices sawed her nerves, and the apparel of the young women set her teeth on edge. Almost she would have preferred elbow sleeves to virtuous garments that were so hideous. The negro waiters—ungloved in Illinois Street—clattered the crockery as freely as if the supper table had been the sink; and when she sent away her plate, a black hand tossed her knife and fork back to her, to be retained for the next course.

"We shall get hardened in time," whispered Gardiner cheerfully, observing her despondence; "buck up!"

After supper some of the company adjourned to the parlour, where one of the young women strummed a selection from *The Belle of New York*—and Pauline spent the evening weeping in her bedroom.

She went to see her parents on the morrow, and proposed that her father should take Barry into partnership.

"The place is impossible," she explained; "we cannot hope to exist on twenty dollars a week! I think the least you might do, poppa, is to pay Barry five thousand a year."

"How's that?" said Mr. Hummel, highly gratified to perceive that the experiment was working so well.

"Then we could have our own home again. Our privations are frightful—the negroes do not even wear gloves!"

"Does Barry make this proposition himself?"

"No," she said; "Barry does not know that I have come to you."

"I am relieved to hear you say so. See here, rosebud! If your husband had taken any stock in my advice, he would have hustled along in his own trade whether you were sane or not. He concluded to quit, and I could not permit you both to starve. But I am already paying Barry eighteen dollars a week more than his services are worth to me, and my affection has reached the limit. It has to be definitely understood that I do not contemplate carpeting the path of madness with greenbacks."

"I would not have believed that you could be so cold and cruel," said Pauline. "Where is your father's heart? And what's the matter with momma's?"

"You would be discreet not to refer to our hearts," quavered her mother. "Remember that your wilfulness has broken them! I never guessed I should live to claim that my son-in-law was too indulgent to my daughter; but I have arrived at that opinion!"

Pauline returned to the bedroom.

She wrote her speeches now at a toilet-table, and they were less eloquent than when she had drafted them at a Chippendale escritoire. The weeks lagged heavily. Somehow, her interest in the League was not so absorbing as it had been; her own hardships occupied her mind more insistently than the salvation of young men. Indeed, when she regarded the specimens in the boarding-house, she was, in moments of exasperation, inclined to hold it of no importance if young men were saved or not.

And Gardiner was so maddeningly cheerful! If he had repined, the situation would have been easier to bear, she thought; but he departed for the office every morning as blithely as if he had grown to like it.

When a month had worn away, she took a melancholy stroll to the street where they used to live. The notice-board still disfigured the exterior of the villa, and her eyes filled as she reflected how happy she had been there before the period of her propriety. Those evenings when some play of Barry's had made a hit—the gay little suppers, the dreams of wealth, the promise of a trip to New York—how jolly it all was! Lincoln Park looked greener and more inviting than ever after Illinois Street; the villa looked more than ever desirable.

Pauline returned to the bedroom; and while she sat alone in this glum apartment of an Illinois Street boarding-house, a wonderful thing happened—the President of the League for the Suppression of Impropriety vanished! Nobody saw her go, nobody knew where she went, nobody ever found her again; the President of the League, with all her fads and tantrums, popped into space—and Pauline the perfect wife, Pauline the lovable, came back!

It was six o'clock—her husband would soon be in. She darted to their portmanteaux; and in the enchanted spot everything went pell-mell and helter-skelter until she unpacked what she had sought—her most elaborate evening frock, and his dress-clothes. Never had she done her hair so swiftly, never had she looked so entrancing as when her toilette was complete.

She heard him on the stairs, and rose to greet him, suppliant, coquettish, triumphant, all at once.

"Great Scott, I've struck the wrong room!" gasped the young man. "Excuse me, madam!"

"Barry," she said, laughing and crying, "will you write some more plays, please, and take me to a theatre to-night? And, Barry"—the smartly gowned figure crept closer, and wound her bare arms about his neck—"will you kiss a fool?"

LEONARD MERRICK.

A Clever Child Actress

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Miss Decima Brooke

Who is now appearing at the Coliseum. This young performer has a pretty voice, and dances with much grace. The "business" of her songs, too, is most picturesque

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"Macedonia." By H. N. Brailsford. (Methuen: 12s. 6d. net.)
"The Lady of the Decoration." (Hodder: 6s.)
"So-Called Skirts." By Lato. (Simpkin: 1s. 6d.)
"The Poetry of Life." By Bliss Carman. (Hodder: 6s.)

Fiction

"The Black Cuirassier." By Phillip L. Stevenson. (Hurst and Blackett: 6s.)
"The High Toby." By H. B. Marriott Watson (Methuen: 6s.)

A Land that Lives in Fear

It is delightful to find the thorny problem of the Balkan revolt against "Turkish misrule" set forth in a way which is at once sympathetic to the insurgents, fair to the Turk, and reasonable as to the duty of the Powers. Mr. H. N. Brailsford's *Macedonia* (Methuen: 12s. 6d. net) is pleasantly free from fanaticism. It has none of those flesh-creeping descriptions by which Exeter Hall *komitadjis* suppose the Briton is alone to be roused to a sense of his responsibilities. Yet it is none the less readable. There is a rich mine of paradox in Macedonia, and perhaps the greatest feature of Mr. Brailsford's book is that he is able to state the truth in words none the less weighty because epigrammatic in form. The name Macedonia, to begin with, what does it mean? It is "no natural division, either racial or geographical." The term Macedonia is itself seditious. It is "the region that revolts." It is not, as many suppose, one Christian nation "righteously struggling to be free" from the Moslem yoke. It is a cluster of nations, of several assorted kinds of Christianity, which are only united because they live in perpetual fear of the Turk. Fear in Macedonia is, says Mr. Brailsford—

In a Macedonian Village: A street in Ochrida
Which has suffered greatly from distress in the recent revolt
(From "Macedonia." By H. N. Brailsford. Methuen: 12s. 6d. net)

> a physical disease, the malady of the country, the ailment that comes of tyranny. One enters some hovel which a peasant family calls its home. In the oppressive darkness one becomes gradually aware of a living something which stirs or groans in the gloomiest corner of the floor beneath a filthy blanket. Is it fever, one asks, or small-pox? And the answer comes . . . "he is ill with fear." . . . A procession of ruined minds comes before the memory—an old priest lying beside a burning house speechless with terror and dying slowly; a woman who has barked like a dog since the day her village was burned; a lad who turned ill with "fear" from the moment when a soldier put a knife to his throat; children who flee in terror at the sight of a stranger, crying "Turks! Turks!"

Macedonia is a "desert swept by a human hurricane." But, alas, for the Macedonian, were he who dispenses misery from Stamboul dethroned, who takes his place? For that King Stork there are five eligible King Logs eager and ready for the booty; strongest among them, the Bulgarian; in competition with him, fiercely, the Greek, the Roumanian, the Serb; sinister, in the background, Austria; ever watchful and interfering, Russia.

Who Will Rule the Balkans?

It is easy to see that Mr. Brailsford, as everyone else who has even cursorily glanced at the Balkans on the spot, believes that salvation lies in Sofia, that the Bulgars are the race destined to dominion. But ere they come into their own, something like a terrible conflict must rage with their rivals. The struggle between Bulgar and Greek, between the "flocks" of the exarchs of one church or the other, is fierce and ceaseless. Why, they even fight over corpses, and squabble over the language in which a soul should be dedicated to God, until the Turk steps in, and in the interest of peace condemns the deceased to secular burial! And yet, withal, these Bulgars and Greeks are not religious. What is a "church" but a political party—what is Macedonia but a "wash-pot" of rival politics, a sort of Westminster whose "foolery" is waged with the sword rather than the tongue? Mr. Brailsford's work is full of interesting observations and picturesque illustrations, which raise it above the level of most of the political treatises on this thorny subject, and immeasurably beyond the mere book of travel.

Paradise Staged

A stage version of "Paradise Lost" has been adapted from Milton by Mr. Walter Stephens. The action hovers between Hades, Pandemonium, and the Garden of Eden. The characters, of course, mainly belong to the hosts, respectively, of Heaven and its antipodes, as the only material of the period for human characterisation is provided by Adam and Eve. Scriptural plays are, of course, forbidden in this land; otherwise, this one, with its fine opportunity for infernal effects and scenery, seems cut out for His Majesty's, and Mr. Tree as Adam suggests possibilities.

An Original Letter-Writer

I have little prejudice in favour of volumes of "letters." If genuine, and written by one actual person to another, their very actuality is annoying in the library, as raw meat is annoying in the dining-room. If they are not genuine, they offend by their unreality. This is, doubtless, a peevish attitude to take up. Let me hasten, therefore, to explain that it is purely theoretical. With a volume of real, raw letters in my hand, written by one real, raw person to another, I am often quite happy, as sometimes, outdoors, I am happy with a chunk of raw meat. The former is not literature, but it is "something to read"; the latter is not a meal, but is "something to eat." The book of letters to bear the burden of these remarks is entitled *The Lady of the Decoration* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s*.). These are real letters, but covered with literary justification. Their author—anonymous—is so original an individual, that she ought never to have lived outside fiction, and a novel written with the crispness of a Bret Harte. A young American widow, entirely without sanctity, goes from California to Japan to assist in missionary work. Not in love with a young man called Jack, she nevertheless writes to him every detail of her life, to the most intimate point, calling him "Mate" throughout, and laying her innermost thoughts bare to him. Without any special poetic or artistic sympathies, she nevertheless writes of the most poetic and artistic land in the world—Japan. Without knowledge of politics, she ventures to tell the world a lot that it wants to know about the country which has altered its map, disturbed its balance of power, and revolutionised half a Continent. I hope the anonymous author of the book will be heard of again soon.

Major Philip L. Stevenson

Who has just had published (by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett) another excellent historical novel, "The Black Cuirassier"

A Romance of Wallenstein

History has provided Major Philip L. Stevenson, whose first novel, "A Gendarme of the King," a year or so ago, had quite an unusual success for a maiden effort, with a stirring theme for his second book, now published, *The Black Cuirassier* (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s*.) The adventures of the Irishman, Devereux, who, together with Butler, formed part of the train of the arrogant Wallenstein, the Bohemian general, who led an army to victory against his own countrymen in 1618, and afterwards became the generalissimo for the Emperor, are, indeed, worthy subjects for romance. Major Stevenson, however, while bearing in mind the need of a novel for plenty of stirring incident and descriptive colour, records conscientiously, and at due length, the progress of the great series of military campaigns in which Wallenstein engaged, and which were terminated by his assassination by Devereux and his treacherous allies, Butler, Gordon, and Lesley.

"Frank Danby's" Latest

Few women-writers—Stratford-on-Avon residents not excluded—command a more expectant public for each successive volume than "Frank Danby," otherwise Mrs. Frankau, author of "Pigs in Clover," whose new book, *The Sphinx's Lawyer* (Heinemann), was issued on the 7th inst. Mrs. Frankau writes with a knowledge of the world, and has an intuition into character which distinguishes her work from that of the vast majority of women-writers of to-day—Stratford-on-Avon residents not excluded—and I imagine her new book will be read even by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., if he has an hour or two to spare from his ideals.

The New "Grove"

Music-lovers and students will be glad to possess themselves of Vol. II. of *Grove*—*i.e.* the Dictionary of Music and Musicians, associated with the name of its founder and its Editor, the Dr. Johnson of Music, Sir George Grove. The editing of the revised edition is in the able hands of Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, of the *Times*. Mr. Maitland has made many important additions, and has improved some of the articles on modern composers, such as Grieg and Cesar Franck, who were only touched on in the previous issue. It is creditable, indeed, to know where and how to use the blue pencil in a subject which arouses such violent controversies as music, and in which the estimate of the importance of various names is so constantly changing.

Some Novelties

For an original, fantastic story, exceedingly well written, Mr. Louis Tracy's *Karl Grier* may be recommended. It is described as the "strange story of a man with a sixth sense," and, as a matter of course, the weird and uncanny element is much in evidence. Those who love volumes of short stories, and I suppose there are many people who are in favour of them, should not pass over *Loaves and Fishes*, a collection by Mr. Bernard Capes, who is quite a master of this form of literature, and who, certainly, has a distinctive style, not unreminiscent of Stevenson. In this category, also, may be mentioned Mr. Frank T. Bullen's *Sea Spray*, a book, of course, of nautical stories. I hear that Mr. Alfred Austin's new poem, *The Door of Humility*, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan immediately after Easter. The poem consists of more than one hundred and seventy pages, and is divided into nine sections, which are respectively headed England, Switzerland, Italy, Florence, Rome, Naples, Constantinople, Athens, and Delphi. It was a kindly act to publish this work *after* Easter. The reading public will need all the health and vigour obtainable during the brief holiday to prepare them for such a poem—by such a poet.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Salmon Fishing on the Tay

WHERE ARNOLD, BRIGHT, AND MILLAIS FISHED

Readers of THE BYSTANDER who know the Tay will, I think, agree with me that the most beautiful and romantic stretch of it is that between Dunkeld and the fair city of Perth, or Bertha, as it is called in Holmshed's "Chronicle." Spring salmon-fishing is delighful anywhere, but if there is one stretch of salmon river which more than any other fascinates the angler it is that which reflects "Great Birnam Wood," which rises thirteen hundred feet above it.

It was doubtless as much its historic and Shakespearean associations and its natural beauty as its attractions for the salmon angler which made Sir John Millais so much in love with it. Millais rented the Murthly fishing and shooting for many autumns, and it was a sad day for him when a new owner wished, as was natural enough, to "enjoy his own."

My wife and I had a delightful week's fishing at the end of last February and beginning of March, staying at Dalbeattie Park, where Mr. John and Mr. James Miller have a comfortable house in the middle of the fishing. Hard frost and bright sunshine, with occasional snowstorms and keen winds, prevailed during our stay, and the Tay was far too low for much chance of sport. Only one hour out of the thirty or forty that we fished rewarded us with two lovely fish, one of 17 lbs. and one of 18 lbs.; but we had plenty of excitement with kelts of all sizes, which could not resist "Jock Scott" and that deadly Tay spring fly, the "Black Dog."

The Millers, who have lived all their lives on the spot, have many stories to tell of Sir John Millais, John Bright, Matthew Arnold, and other famous men who have fished the Murthly Water. A pool below the island where Matthew Arnold one day killed three salmon is called after him. In one of the rooms at the Fishing Lodge are two casts, admirably made and painted by Mr. P. D. Malloch, of Perth, of a brace of salmon, both over 40 lbs., killed, one by Sir John Millais, and the other by his son. Sir John reserved the upper half of the water for his own fishing, and let his guests have the other half. He never harled, but always cast from the boat—he could not bear to see a pool badly fished, and if he had a friend with him who could not cover the water properly, Sir John took the rod from him, saying, "Let me show you," and the unaccomplished angler had to be content with watching Sir John for the rest of the day—unless he cared to play a fish which his host had hooked, for, curiously enough, Sir John cared for nothing but hooking his fish.

Beautiful and attractive as the Murthly Water undoubtedly is, it could, I am sure, be immensely improved at very small cost. The pools are, as a rule, too long and too quiet and too level as regards the bottom. A few big rocks, floated down on a raft and dropped at suitable places here and there, would secure those shelters, amid swirling, broken water, which fresh-run salmon always make for and the salmon angler loves to see. R. B. MARSTON.

Murthly Water (on the Tay), a famous salmon stream

The recent frosts greatly reduced the level of the stream, which rose seven feet with the thaw

A view on Murthly Water

The stream is noted for its poetic associations. Amongst the famous men who have fished in it are Matthew Arnold, John Bright, and Sir John Millais. Mr. R. B. Marston, the writer of the accompanying article, is to be seen on the left of the picture

ART AND THE CAMERA: A WOODLAND SCENE

Photo J. T. Newman

THE COMING POLO SEASON

By L. V. L. SIMMONDS

Prospects

Given only a fine summer, there is every indication of a most successful polo season this year. With the advent of April play has, as usual, already ' gun in the provinces, notably at Rugby, the acknow- dged centre of county polo, and within three weeks London season will have been inaugurated at urlingham, the headquarters of the game. The nelagh and Rochampton Clubs also start polo the beginning of May, and, judging by the full ogrammes issued by their respective managers, there ll be a constant succession of interesting matches d tournaments until the end of July. One very tractive feature of the season will be the sporting it to England of the now famous representative h team, whose success last August in the Inter- tional and Open Cup contests has, it is said, done reat deal for polo in Ireland.

Best Players on "Recent Form"

The four Irishmen in question, viz., Messrs. A. Rotherham, S. A. Watt, P. O'Reilly, and Major C. K. O'Hara, have had names added to the Hurlingham Recent Form of the best players of the day, a distinction which es with it its disadvantages, for to be "listed" ils restricted competition in most of the season's aments. It should be stated that the names of rs who are abroad, or who happen to be for the nonce without ponies, are not included in the list until they resume play in England. The two other players promoted to the list this year are the Hon. Aubrey Hastings and the Duke of Roxburghe. Mr. Hastings is the well-known steeplechase rider, who is very much in the public eye just now by his recent Grand National victory on Ascetic's Silver. He helped Cirencester to win the County Polo Club Cup in 1904, and he was also a member that year of the Woodpeckers team that won the All-Ireland Open Cup. His brothers, Lord Huntingdon and the Hon. Osmond Hastings, are both well-known polo players. Curiously enough, the last-named played back for Rugby in last year's County Cup, and Mr. Aubrey Hastings for Cirencester, and the two teams were drawn together in the semi-finals, Rugby (the ultimate winners of the Cup) beating the holders after a tremendous struggle, in the course of which the scores were three times equal. Mr. Aubrey Hastings was very successful at polo last season, being in the winning teams of the Rugby, Ranelagh Hunt, and the Duke of Westminster's Eaton tournaments. The Duke of Roxburghe, the other new-comer on the list, is also a well-known player. Formerly in the Royal Horse Guards, he played in the Blues' team in 1903, which won the first Junior Championship at Roehampton, and after leaving the Service he captained the Wanderers team which won the same trophy the following year.

The Old Cantabs, Polo Champions in 1900 and 1904: A celebrated team now broken up

Left to right: Captain Godfrey Heseltine, Mr. Walter McCreery, Mr. F. M. Freake, and Mr. W. S. Buckmaster

Teams—Old and New

Alterations in several of the leading teams is likely to lend additional attractions to many of the customary tournaments, although as regards the two chief ones—the Champion Cup at Hurlingham and the Open Cup at Ranelagh—the brilliant Roehampton representatives, the brothers Nickalls and Captains Wilson and Lloyd, will doubtless repeat their last year's victories, with Rugby as their most formidable opponents. The Ireland team will also probably compete in the Champion Cup tournament. The popular Old Cantabs will be much missed this season; the team has been broken up, as Mr. Freake has sold his ponies and decided not to play any more at present, and Captain Godfrey Heseltine has gone out to India to join his regiment the Carabineers. Mr. Buckmaster himself has joined the "list." With Comte de Madre instead of Mr. Bell, these Freebooters made a bold bid for the Junior Champion Cup last year, working their way into the final.

Other Combinations

Ranelagh, which had such a fine side in 1904, but was not officially represented in the principal tournaments last season, will again have a team made up—Mr. F. A. Gill and Captain L. C. D. Jenner, the joint polo managers, together with Mr. Aubrey Hastings and Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest, the back of the 1st Life Guards, who unsuccessfully stood for Parliament at the last General Election. Comte J. de Madre has also got together a Rokeby team, in which he will have the assistance of three well-known soldier-

The Roehampton Team, winners of the 1905 Champion Cup, at Hurlingham

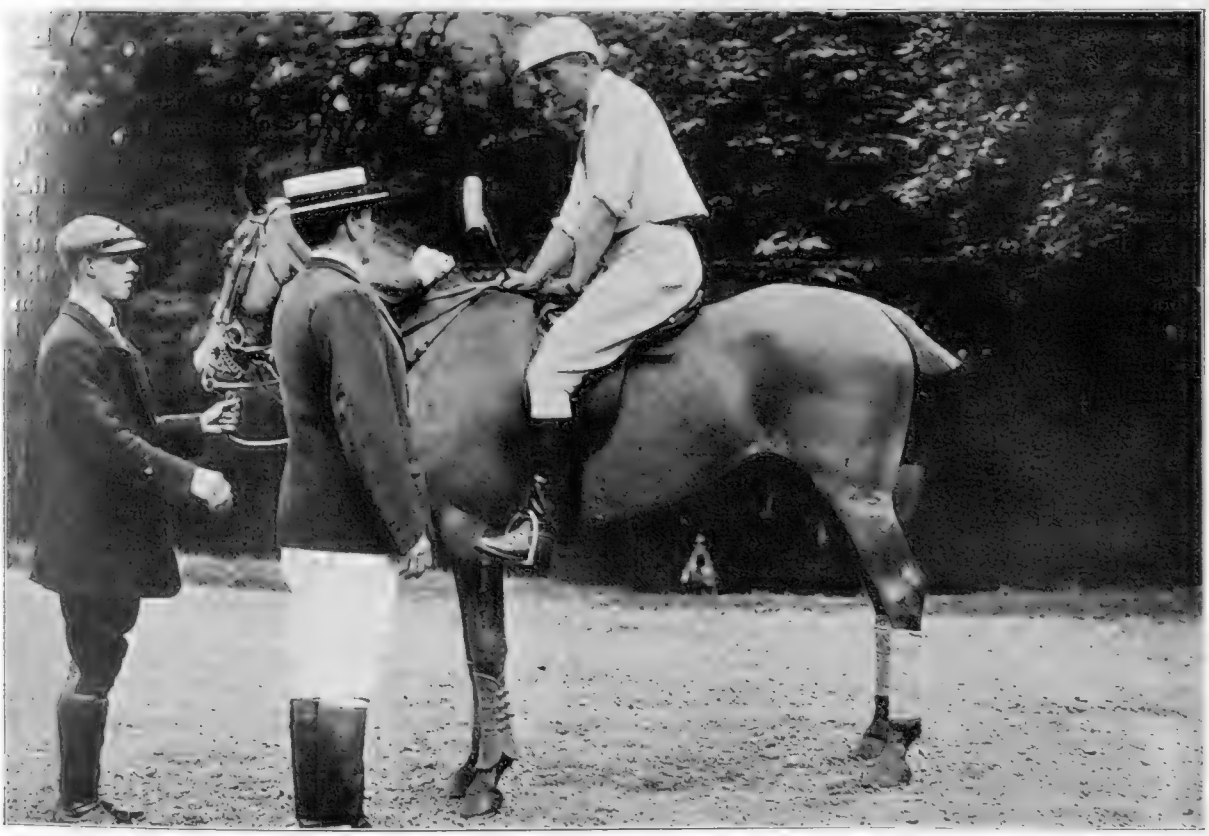
Left to right: Captain H. Wilson, Mr. P. W. Nickalls, Mr. C. P. Nickalls, and Captain H. Lloyd

Mr. C. T. Garland's Moreton Morrell team, the remaining members of which will be drawn from Mr. I. Bell, Lord Wodehouse, the late Cambridge University captain, and Mr. Cecil Nickalls. There is also some talk of a Hurlingham team to include Mr. Buckmaster and Mr. Rawlinson. Mr. F. J. Mackey, who used to run Handley Cross, has got together a new team of American Freebooters, consisting of Mr. Isaac Bell, M.F.H., Mr. J. I. Blair, and Mr. R. J. Collier, whose father, Mr. P. F. Collier, the owner of that well-known American journal, *Collier's Weekly*, is, like his son, a prominent player in the States. While this latter combination is in no sense of the word a representative one, being only made up of four Americans who happen to be in England, it will still help to impart an International character to some of the minor tournaments, such as the Junior Championship, for which the side is eligible, none of the four players named being on players, namely, Captains C. M. Dunbar and H. R. Lee, of the 20th Hussars (runners-up for the Inter-Regimental Cup last year), and Captain Harman, A.S.C. Mr. Thynne's team of Magpies, up to the present composed exclusively of past and present soldiers, will cease to be a purely soldier combination as heretofore, for Mr. Thynne himself will not be playing much this season, and the Duke of Roxburghe and the Duke of Westminster will be assisted by the brothers C. and R. Grenfell. Captain F. W. Barrett, of the 15th Hussars, and Lord Kensington, late of that regiment, will be playing for the Parthians, the team being completed from Captains Mathew Lannowe and C. F. Hunter, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and Messrs. W. B. Burdon and Powell. Other teams playing regularly during the season will be Mr. J. B. Dale's Moonlighters, Mr. T. B. Drybrough's Red Rovers, and the four brothers, de Las Casas of Tiverton. L. V. L. SIMMONDS.

Two Well-known Cantab Polo Players

Mr. F. M. Freake

...e temporary retirement from the game, together with Captain Heseltine's absence in India, has caused the disbandment of the famous Old Cantabs polo team



Captain G. Heseltine

A well-known and popular Old Cantab, who has gone to India to join his regiment, the Carabineers

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

Eggsperto Crede

The most delicious thing in connection with the great *Daily Mail* egg-theory hoax has been the seriousness with which it has been swallowed by the British public. But the people upon whom the joke began to pall soonest were the unfortunate coaches, who have been positively inundated with letters, and even telegrams, asking for their opinion upon the question, or giving the writers' personal views and experiences. No wonder that they were moved to exclaim, in language hallowed by parliamentary usage, "Enough of this foolery." Among the many queries received by Mr. Muttlebury was a reply-paid wire asking: "Are eggs good?" To which Mr. Muttlebury replied, soberly and truthfully, "Some eggs are."

Lawn Tennis in Spain

The attitude of the Spaniard towards the majority of ball games is mainly that of the interested onlooker. Of golf he knows nothing as yet; but to lawn tennis he seems disposed to take more kindly than to any other game. Barcelona has been the pioneer of lawn tennis in the South, and public interest in good matches is increasing rapidly. The presence of A. F. Wilding, who easily romped through all the men's events at the tournament, caused quite a sensation. Wilding was partnered by Wallis Myers, and the pair won both the Level and Handicap Doubles (from over 30) without any great effort. In the final of the Handicap Singles, Wilding met and defeated the best local man, Ernest Witty, who, in addition to being a very promising player with a free and natural style, has earned the gratitude of the lawn-tennis community in Barcelona for his untiring labours in fostering the interests of the game. But for his zeal and organising ability, lawn tennis would have stood a poor chance of flourishing in a city where initiation and enterprise are not abiding characteristics, and it is to be hoped that his efforts at making the annual tournament more widely known among English players will meet with the success they deserve. Anyone to whom the prospect of a week's tennis amid novel scenes and delightful surroundings appeals, may be confidently recommended to try the Barcelona Meeting next year.

Ernest Witty
Founder of the Barcelona Lawn Tennis Association and Secretary of the Tournament

R.M.A. v. R.M.C. A Close Finish

A better day's sport than that provided at Sandhurst last week by the annual battle of athletics between the Cadets of Woolwich and Sandhurst could not possibly have been wished for. To begin with, the weather, as compared with the sort of thing we had been enduring for over a week previously, was positively heavenly; secondly, there were some excellent performances done on both sides; and lastly, the finish, although Sandhurst had won when there were still two events to go, was in reality a close one. For those two events went to Woolwich; and Sandhurst may be said to have won their 5—4 victory literally by inches. In the Mile, E. R. Nash (Sandhurst) beat A. P. Sayer (Woolwich) by two inches only, according to the official return, and those two inches, as it turned out, made a world of difference. What excitement there would have been if this splendid race had been run last instead of first! It was a great triumph for Nash, and he improved upon his time in the R.M.C. sports by over a second, but since he can only put on the pace gradually, it looked as if he left his effort to a little too late, with the result that Sayer, who came out with a genuine sprint in the last fifty yards, nearly collared him. His time was 4 mins. 52 2-5 secs., and the struggle, though he got nearly two hours' rest, told upon him when he came to run the Two Miles; but it is doubtful whether, even if fresh, he could have held the Woolwich man, H. H. Kentish, who came right away in the last lap and finished strongly in 10 mins. 18 2-5 secs., having run in beautiful form throughout the race. Kentish and Nash were the only two to finish, and the latter, when he found pursuit hopeless, walked the last twenty yards.

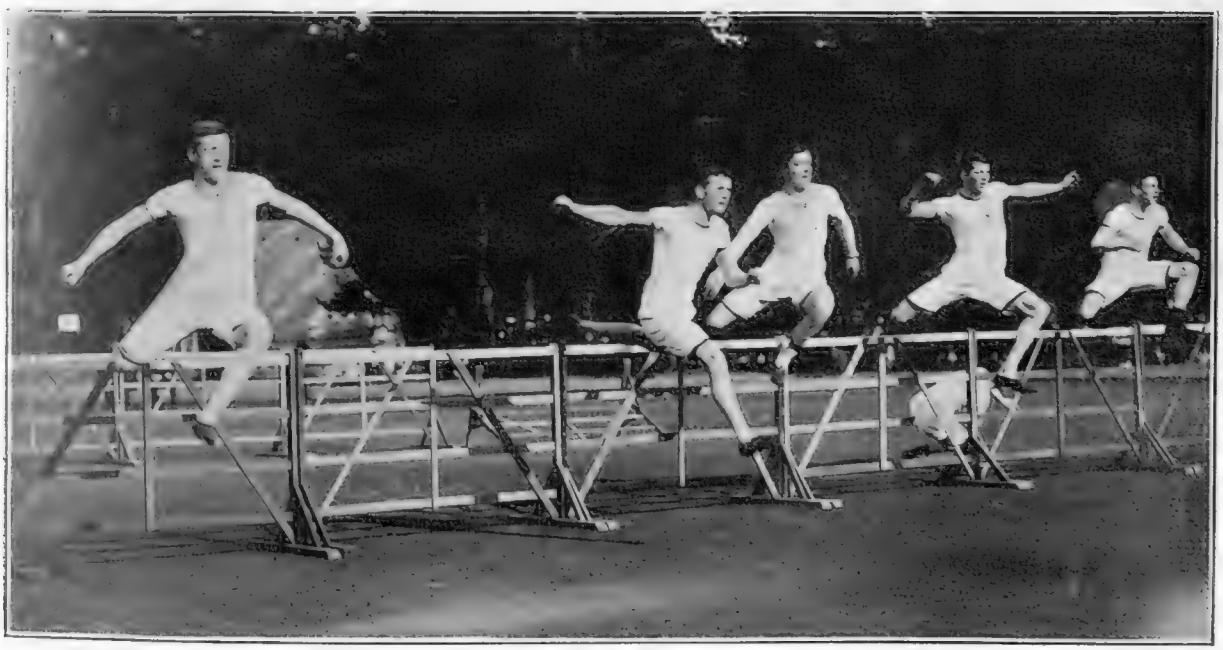
And Some Good Times

The hero of the afternoon was A. Patterson (Woolwich), for he ran in three events, the Hundred, the Quarter, and the Half, and won the two last-named. In the Hundred he tripped soon after starting, and this of course put him out of a race, won in such a fine time as

Sandhurst beat Woolwich, at Sandhurst (five events to four): The final of the 100 yards

The Hundred was won for Sandhurst by Mylne (on the extreme left) in 10 2-5 secs., with Wade (on the extreme right) second. Patterson (next to Mylne) was third, and afterwards won both the Half-Mile and the Quarter

o 2-5 secs. The winner, R. H. Mylne (Sandhurst), n spite of an indifferent start, soon got in front and ept there. He had a wind to help him, but he is mean sprinter, as the time shows; neither is W. N. Wade (Sandhurst), who was within foot of him. In the Half, G. L. Brown, the ndhurst first string, who was not feeling quite fit ugh for this race as well as the Quarter, d down, as did also Sayer, the Woolwich nd string, after his desperate finish in the Mile. H. Townshend made the pace very hot for the t lap, and when he had performed his mission terson's chance looked all right soon after the . So it was; but C. N. C. de Crespigny ndhurst) got to within two yards of him with a lap to go, and stayed there until the finish. terson's time was 2 mins. 5 secs.; but perhaps best race was the Quarter, in which he hieved 52 3-5 secs., a capital time for the track. He put in a fine spurt soon after the half-distance, and led Brown home by four yards. In the Hurdle Race, E. V. Anderson (Sandhurst) won comfortably in 18 secs., two yards ahead of A. G. L. Clarke (Sandhurst); J. G. Porter, the Woolwich first string, who was third, jumped rather disappointingly. The High Jump, the Long Jump, and the Shot, were the three really foregone conclusions, and they resulted as foretold, C. M. Thornhill (Sandhurst) winning the Shot, D. M. Evans and C. R. Heygate (Sandhurst) the High (with a tie), and D. R. Peel (Woolwich) the Long. Thornhill did a good put (32 ft. 1 in.), but Evans and Heygate won at 5 ft. 0½ in., and did not try to improve thereon (Evans did 5 ft. 4 in. in the Sandhurst sports), while Peel did better in the Woolwich Sports than the 20 ft. 7½ in. with which he won. Sandhurst have now won these sports fourteen times to Woolwich's twelve, and there has been one tie.



Sandhurst v. Woolwich: The 100 yards hurdle race

The Hurdles, won for Sandhurst by Anderson (on the extreme left) in 18 secs., with Clarke (second from the right) second. Beresford Pevise fell at the second hurdle as shown, and Evans (next to Anderson) at the sixth

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The London Foursome Tournament and Some Critics

The conditions governing the constitution of the London Foursome Tournament have lately been the subject of a good deal of adverse criticism from a variety of correspondents in the pages of our contemporary, *Golf Illustrated*. As one of those who have publicly welcomed the very factor in the tournament which displeases the critics, it behoves me to show cause for the faith that is in me. The point which goes against the grain of those who have written is the alliance of amateurs with professionals in a competition for a prize. It will be remembered that one of the conditions laid down by the promoters of the tournament is that any of the clubs eligible for the competition may select as their representatives, either two amateurs from among their members, or one amateur and the professional attached to the club. This latter condition was the very one which I welcomed, as tending to bring professionals and amateurs into closer relations, and is also the very one which the critics fall foul of. Now, I do not think that I can be suspected of any undue partiality for professionals, for I have not hesitated, when the occasion seemed to justify such a course, to point out dangers which the power and popularity of the professional element might conceivably bring about. But the danger which I foresaw, and which I wrote about, was the very opposite of that which the critics of the London Foursome Tournament apprehend.

* * *

The Contamination of the Professional!

Their complaint is against the partnership between an amateur and a professional in a competition for a trophy. Their desire is, apparently, to keep the amateur and professional apart, and to allow of no mingling whatsoever of the two elements. One critic, signing himself "Conservative," goes so far as to say that "there is nothing that will more quickly degrade and destroy the amateur spirit than constant association with professionals, no matter how decent a set of men they may be. Let amateurs play their matches and competitions, and make their bets and eat their meals, with each other, and let the professionals do the same." These be "prave orts," but they are fundamentally opposed to the spirit and traditions of the game in the land of its birth. Let us go outside of golf for a moment, and turn to the national game of England. Has that game, or its amateur section, suffered in any way from the fact that a large proportion of every county cricket team is composed of professionals? Those teams play for a trophy, however intangible it may be, in the shape of the County Championship, and I have yet to learn that any evils have resulted from the mingling of amateurs and professionals in their teams. Does not every team that defends the honour of England against the assaults of the Australians contain both amateurs and professionals? I will go further and assert, without fear of contradiction, that the association of amateurs with professionals at cricket has been for the good, not only of the game, but of the two classes who play it.

* * *

What's Good for Cricket is Good for Golf

What holds good in the case of cricket, also, to my mind, holds good of golf. If we turn back to the records of golf we shall find many famous matches in which an amateur partnered by a professional has fought against a pair similarly constituted; while anyone who has played much at St. Andrews will be able to cite scores of matches between amateurs partnered by professionals. The lines dividing the two classes have never suffered any obliteration through such matches, and neither class has ever wished to invade the precincts surrounding the other. It has been one of the marked characteristics of golf from the earliest times that all classes have mingled together on the frankest terms in the game without prejudice to the social distinctions which separated them outside of, and apart from, the game. No one has ever made the least objection to the entry of amateurs for the Open Championship, where the chances are heavily in favour of their being partnered with a professional, and where they must rub shoulders, so to speak, on familiar terms with the professionals.

* * *

Straining at a Gnat

It seems idle, therefore, to strain at the gnat of the London Foursome Tournament while swallowing the camel of the Open Championship. I have played countless foursome matches with a professional partner, and have never found any evil to result from such matches, except the incidental damage caused to my partner by my bad play. On the contrary, I have never reaped anything but good from such a partner as Andrew Kirkaldy or Willie Auchterlonie, and have never found either of them, or any other professional I may have happened to play with, presume at other times on the relations of frank comradeship which subsisted between us while the match was in progress. So far as I know, the London Foursome Tournament is an innovation in the matter of the partnership of amateur and professional in a competition for a trophy, but it is an innovation based on the best and soundest traditions of the game, and I am confident that nothing but good will flow from it.

Ernest Lehmann

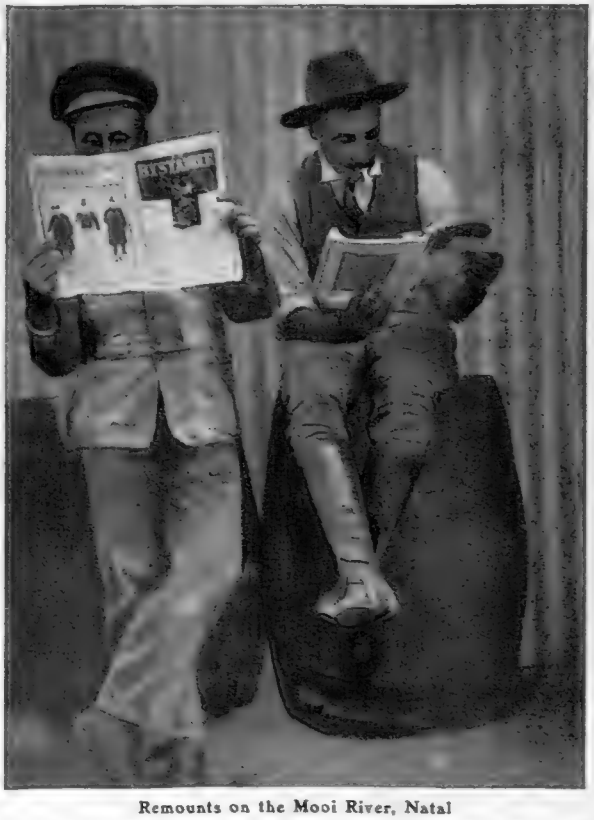
A Competition for Foreign Readers

(See Notice below)

The Coliseum, Rome

In the Alhambra, Granada

A Boer on Majuba Hill



Remounts on the Mooi River, Natal

DETAILS OF THE COMPETITION

From time to time readers have sent us photographs of people reading THE BYSTANDER in various parts of the globe. These photographs, which we have been very glad to publish, have brought home to us in a pleasant fashion the realisation, not only that the paper finds its way into far-away countries, but also that it forms for its readers in those places a link with home. Above we publish four of these photographs as the commencement of a small photographic competition. Readers resident abroad are invited to contribute photographs of THE BYSTANDER being read in foreign lands. On the back of the photograph should be pencilled the locality and further information of interest, such as the circumstances under which it was taken, etc. The more remote the spot the better chance of the photograph being accepted. All photographs which are accepted for publication will be paid for at the rate of 10*s.* 6*d.* each. They should be enclosed in an envelope marked "BYSTANDER Abroad," and addressed to The Art Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

BRIDGE: BY PROBLEMATICUS

The Strength Discard

A correspondent, who was well to the fore in our late Competition, writes to say that he, too, while realising fully the theoretic soundness of Mr. Jenkins's defence of the discard from strength against a no-trump declaration, after giving it a long trial, abandoned it. He did so, because he found, as I found, that it cramps the game. Mr. Agacy, in the second edition of his excellent little book, "Correct Bridge," discusses the matter in the most illuminating fashion, and offers yet a fourth convention. He has tried the three ordinary conventions—the discard from weakness, the discard from strength, and the discard from opposite suits—and has found none of them satisfactory. You will naturally throw away the cards of the least value. But there is always a difficulty in deciding that any given card is not of value, if not for trick-making purposes to yourself, to your partner, or for stopping the dealer's game. This being so, Mr. Agacy is of the opinion that if the dealer is succeeding, you must subordinate the effort to give your partner information to the effort to preserve every obstacle to the dealer's progress. If, on the contrary, your partner is making the tricks, subordinate the effort to preserve the obstacles to the dealer's progress to the effort to give information to your partner. That is to say, if your partner is winning the tricks, discard from weakness, so that the moment he has done he may lead your strong suit; if the dealer is winning the tricks, discard from strength, if such a discard enables you to keep protection. If your partner is a good player, he knows that it is your duty to keep protection, and will not draw a false inference from your discard.

From this he draws the corollary that the really important thing to do is to watch the dealer carefully, and observe what suits he is trying to establish, what suits he is leaving alone, and what he is discarding. Your or your partner's leads must be governed even more by the action of the dealer than by the discards you both may make, because they are so often forced discards. He sums up by saying that those who believe in the strength discard may make a convention to discard from strength; those who do not believe in it can make no definite convention at all. But they can say, as I always say myself, "I discard from weakness, if I can."

On Having a Definite Plan

I have noticed that lately writers on Bridge have been laying great stress on the dealer's forming a definite plan before he starts playing the two hands he is manipulating. It is, indeed, most important; and many are the tricks and games lost for lack of it. As soon as Dummy's hand goes down, take a good look at it, and make up your mind what you are going to attempt, which suit or suits you are going to try to establish, or, if it is a trump declaration, which suit you will try to ruff, if ruffing seems to suit you better. You will find that very soon, if you practice it steadily, your plan will form quickly and definitely, and that it is infinitely more advantageous to you than the old haziness with which you started playing a hand. But you must be ready, if your plan breaks down through some adverse conjunction of the cards, to try another one at once. You cannot afford to flounder for a couple of tricks before making up your mind again.

Our Letter Box

Branksome Park, Bournemouth, W.,
March 18, 1906.

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

DEAR SIR,—Having seen in the issue of THE BYSTANDER of 14th inst. a winter resort for nerve patients called Hammam R'Hira, and, being unable to find it on any map, I should be greatly obliged if you would put me in the way of finding out something about the place and the cost of living there, as I am told that I cannot stand another winter in England.

It seems from this account that it might meet my requirements, hence my troubling you.—Yours faithfully,

E. N. P.

[Hammam R'Hira is situated to the south-west of Algiers, about three hours' journey distant by rail, the station being Ben Medi'a. It is three thousand feet above sea level, and is surrounded by pine forests, while the sea is but twelve miles away. The delightful scenery and climate make this spot an ideal place for the jaded and for the invalid. The thermal springs here are especially efficacious in the case of rheumatic and gouty diseases, and also in cases of dyspepsia, while the equality of the temperature, the dryness — the average rainfall not averaging more than twenty inches—and the healthy atmosphere, render it an admirable spot for phthisical patients.

For those who are sound in body, but who are jaded with the stress of modern life, there is no lack of amusement and recreation. Roughly speaking, the scenery may be compared to the Scotch highlands, with this difference, that one may confidently count on an unclouded sky and no sudden change in the weather. There is tennis, croquet, and cricket, while the more energetic can indulge in mountain-climbing and hunting anything from a wild boar to a panther. There are also frequently concerts and theatricals, while an orchestra plays several times a day.

The terms *en pension* at the Grand Hotel des Bains are as follows: South Rooms, 13 to 15 francs a day; North Rooms, 11 to 12 francs a day; this includes breakfast, luncheon, dinner, light, and service. The prices of the baths are: swimming bath, 1 franc 50 cents; bath in private cabine, 2 francs 50 cents; douches, 1 franc 50 cents; massage (local), 2 francs; massage (general), 4 francs.

Hammam R'Hira can be reached from London in just over two days, *viâ* Marseilles and Algiers; travellers who dislike the sea voyage can come *viâ* Malaga or Cartagena and Oran (only seven hours' sea trip); while lovers of the sea can come direct from London to Algiers by the British India Company's boats. —ED.]

115, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow,
March 31, 1906.

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—I notice in your issue of 28th inst. an article headed, "Conscription or a Citizen Army?" in which you say, "Once let danger threaten, and it is inconceivable that Englishmen would require any statute to call them to arms." I have to point out that it would be useless for Britons to rally to arms, as they would not be able to use them, and, being without discipline, would be useless to their commander. I think the National Service League, Victoria Street, Westminster, has done yeoman service in protesting against our relying on this false security.—I am, etc.,

C. J. MACLEAN.

The Automobile Association

18, Fleet Street, E.C.,
March 20, 1906.

SIR,—Motorists who have been fined by the Kingston-on-Thames Bench for alleged violation of the Motor Car Act, upon the unsupported testimony of Superintendent Marks, will oblige by sending their names and addresses, with details of their case, to the Secretary, Automobile Association, 18, Fleet Street, E.C.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Is the Easter exodus from Town as completely general as it was, or has the more universal use of motor-cars nipped this annual occurrence a little in the bud also? All the evils that London trades suffer from are put down to motors, so perhaps now we shall begin to have a plaint from the country and seaside resorts. It is a grumbling era. The majority of us appear to live, and move, and thrive, on the minor note. There *are* moments when one could wish it were not so *bourgeois* to be cheerful, while the intense aspiring community lift up hands of horror at the very suggestion of a desire to taste a little contentment and happiness.

In the autumn, perchance, the average mind might possibly fall into tune with the serious folk of the Higher Thought sect; but in the Spring, even when it blows a daily blizzard, there is yet such hope and joy in the air to those who, like myself, are just vulgarly optimistic. Anyway, the primroses are here, the bluebells are budding, and the birds sing a pæan of praise to while away the weary time of their mates on the nest. And methinks there is a good time coming.

The Glove Trade

There is every indication that this mercantile corner will assume proportions never before achieved, thanks to the persistency of the curtailed sleeve. A good deal is being talked about introducing freak effects, such as tooling, embroidery, and even hand-painting and jewels. But, up to the present, the very strictest investigation has altogether failed to reveal the slightest encouragement being afforded this departure.

A hat and a blouse, sketched at John Barker's, Kensington

As a matter of fact, beyond the bracelets of lace, which are themselves only very tentatively essayed at present, gloves will remain as simple in character as ever. Alas! for our pockets, though, the most delicate tints will predominate—white sharing favour with pastel greys and the tenderest *suéde* tints.

There are several admirable departures in doeskin and chamois leather for every-day wear, smart well-built *gants*, with nothing of the garden, knockabout air about them, that has so distinguished their predecessors. These, of course, are quite reasonably priced, and are never under twelve-button length, and for the most part longer. But of the vaunted freak glove, I repeat, beware.

And similarly, I am persuaded, to be avoided is the extravagantly short sleeve. This, I would point out, has been my contention throughout, and every day the premonition is verified. A proviso that seldom fails to accompany a request for a ready-made blouse is that the sleeve shall turn the bend of the elbow, while, more frequently than is quite readily admitted, one carried quite to the wrist is demanded.

John Barker, Kensington

Apropos of blouses, a large and increasing business is proceeding in this regard at Messrs. John Barker's. The appreciation that has been secured is well justified, and the secret is pretty well an open one now, that this firm carries one of the biggest lace stocks in the kingdom. Furthermore, they employ special designers, and have so thoroughly gone into the question that the choice comprises not only innumerable models, but, what will appeal enormously to to those past their first youth, there are in several instances what is known as "out sizes."

Some *crêpe de chine* models, fitted with transparent lace yokes, *appliqué* with handsome guipure *motifs*, are really incredible value at 12*s.* 9*d.*, and out of some sixteen different designs, twelve boast sleeves carried to the wrist. And there are slips of Irish lace, imitation, of course, but remarkably good value, mounted on a yoke of filmy Valenciennes insertion, united alternately by silk fagot-stitching and white taffeta strappings worked with silk dots, at 31*s.* 6*d.*, that are equally marvellous. The transparent models are all mounted on chiffon and beautifully cut and finished.

The creation sketched by Miss Hoare, however, carries us into quite another realm, one that promises speedily to curry favour with the elect. This is a confection of pompadour silk, a very tiny pattern delightfully treated with a new lace that bears the strongest affinity to a fine cluny. Around the edge of the yoke some fancy *motifs* of delicate embroidered lawn are disposed, the lace again occurring up the inside of the pretty sleeve, which is eventually drawn into a cuff that is a replica of the yoke. To those who are not habitual shoppers in Kensington, it may be of interest to learn that the millinery at John Barker's is singularly good, the guinea hat, for which a very craze has sprung up,

finding excellent expression in a rather low-crown sailor shape, trimmed with close ruches and rosettes of Valenciennes lace and tulle. A scheme of natural straw, ivory lace, and olive velvet, is charming, the *cache-peigne* formed of rosettes of green tulle and lace.

Another sailor they are showing has a jam-pot crown, wreathed with pink roses without foliage, the *cache-peigne* of soft ribbon continuing in a long end to the shoulder. Or quite novel is the *chapeau* pictured of white chip, wreathed with small damask roses, and pitched to a most becoming angle on loose black velvet loops, surmounted by two handsome black ostrich feathers.

A Clever Combination

While the smaller modistes and *tailleurs* are wrestling with the intricacies of the Princesse proper and the traditional Empire modes, the great *couturières* have been quietly evolving a combination of the two that is as ingenious as it is graceful. It will be months before the lesser lights in the modistic world are able to conjure—if they ever do—the subtleties of a cut that defines the figure perfectly in front, and then gradually, nay, almost imperceptibly, develops into loose folds at the back that start a scintillation above the recognised waist-line. For marquisate, ninon, and all such soft transparencies, the idea is perfection, and, being wholly shapely, looks equally well for day and evening wear.

A dinner toilette of old rose chiffon, trimmed white blonde lace and quillings of rose velvet, was particularly lovely, and carried the noticeable feature on the corsage of a *motif* fashioned of cardboard *paillettes* decoratively hand-painted to represent a huge rose, while for visiting I was shown a deep *café au lait* marquisate, the uplifted waist-line at the back finding a tasteful accentuation in two small gold buckles, the corsage in front taking on the *mouvement* of a fichu. Marquisate, I may add, is the leading transparency of the season. It is slightly heavier than ninon and not so opaque as *crêpe de chine*. Needless to say, it is costly, as are all novelties; but against that may be placed the fact that it is practically uncrushable and wears well.

London and North Western Railway Easter Arrangements

The London and North Western Railway Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Pimlico), Kensington, and Willesden Junction, will be open throughout the day, from Monday, April 9th, to Monday, April 16th, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains, and so avoid the crush at the stations. Ordinary and tourist tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the town receiving offices of the Company. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North Western passenger trains for the Easter holidays. Tourist tickets, available for six calendar months, are issued daily to North, South, and Central Wales, Blackpool, Morecambe, Windermere, and other seaside and inland watering-places. Week-end tickets, which are usually issued on Fridays and Saturdays, will (for the Easter holidays) be issued also on Thursday, April 12th, and there are many cheap excursions for the holidays.

THE MENU

AN APRIL DINNER

Consommé aux Artichauts
Boiled Salmon, with Green Mayonnaise Sauce
Fillets of Beef à la Béarnaise
Roast Ducklings
Salade d'Orange et Cresson
Apricot Trifle
Eclairs de Sardines

Consommé aux Artichauts

To a quart of clear, strong consommé add half a dozen white artichokes, previously cut into slices and stamped out into fancy shapes with a vegetable cutter, cooked in stock and then drained, and dipped into powdered parsley.

Green Mayonnaise Sauce

Put in a basin the yolk of one egg, a pinch of salt and pepper. Stir with a wooden spoon and pour in drop by drop a gill and a half of the best olive oil, carefully mixing the whole time. When quite thick, add a half teaspoonful of lemon-juice and one dessert-spoonful of the best vinegar. Chop up two tablespoonfuls of chervil, cress, and tarragon, and add to the mayonnaise sauce.

Fillets of Beef à la Béarnaise

Take a piece of the undercut of the sirloin, cut it into neat fillets, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, and cook them with a little butter on a tin in the oven, but do not let them be overdone; add a piece of glaze the size of a walnut, and when dissolved turn the fillets over it. Dress them on French beans, which, after having been boiled, should be tossed in melted butter seasoned with chopped chives and parsley. The following sauce should be served with the fillets:—Rub a saucepan with a clove of garlic, and put into it four shallots with a tumblerful of water and half that quantity of tarragon vinegar; let the whole boil till reduced to one tumblerful, strain the liquor and let it get cold. Take the strained yolks of three eggs and mix gradually with the above liquor, add salt to taste, and 2 oz. of fresh butter. Stir this mixture over the fire till it thickens, then add a teaspoonful of finely minced tarragon.

Salade d'Orange et Cresson

Remove peel and pith from the oranges, divide them into sections, and take away the pips. Remove some of the stalk from the watercress, wash and dry thoroughly, and sprinkle lightly with salad oil. Arrange sections of orange and tufts of watercress alternately in a glass dish and serve.

Apricot Trifle

Cut some sponge cakes in slices and arrange them in a glass dish; put the fruit and syrup from a tin of preserved apricots into a stewpan with some sugar and simmer gently, and when slightly cooled pour it over the sponge cakes and let them soak till quite cold. Whip half a pint of thick cream stiff, pile it on the fruit, and decorate with pink sugar or chopped pistachio nuts.

Eclairs de Sardines

Divide some sardines in halves, remove the backbone and skin, dry well, and season highly with cayenne. Roll out some paste as thinly as possible, spread it lightly with anchovy paste, and cut it into squares. In each square fold half a sardine, leaving the ends open, brush over with yolk of egg, and sprinkle liberally with grated cheese. Bake in a quick oven and serve hot.

EMILIA.

MARSHALL
— AND —
SNELGROVE

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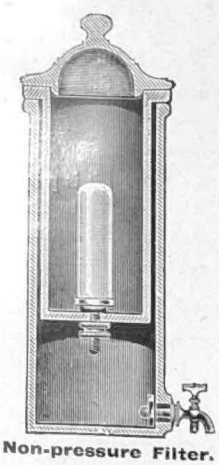

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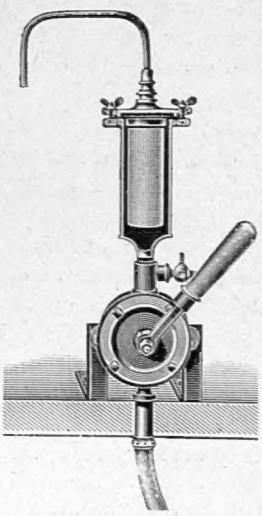

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THE BERKEFELD FILTER Co., Ltd.,
121, OXFORD STREET, W.

A Woman's Note Book

Should Children be Country Bred?

I really think when Easter falls fairly late, as it does this year, that these holidays are the pleasantest of all. Of course, we cannot account for our English seasons, which are increasingly erratic, and it is always possible that we shall have to get to church through a snowdrift on Easter Sunday. But, supposing the weather clerk condescends not to be *too* eccentric, April is quite an ideal month in which to get a few days' country air or sea breeze. For instance, think of the woods in April! What can be more delicious! Yet I verily believe there are hundreds of our conventional town dwellers who take their month's holiday in August or September and never see Nature in her Spring garb. Why, it is beginning at the end of things; and you will always find that, fond as such people may profess to be of the country and country life, they really do not know anything about it. They do not know the names of the trees, or the flowers, or the calls of the birds, nor where to look for certain plants and nests, and, besides, you cannot even *see* the woods properly later; they are shut in by their thick dress of foliage from the too prying eye; they seem to have become resentful of the intruder, and have made it difficult for him to enter their privacy. But what they really have done, is to have made it impossible for him to *read* their wonders, though, through dint of perseverance, he may manage to *see* them. For Nature has secrets which are only to be discovered by beginning at the beginning, and those who behold her glories full blown, but never in bud, cannot possibly know her.

I have a theory, a very determined one, that not only ought we to enjoy some part at least of the early Spring in the country each year, but that we ought to ensure our children being *brought up* in such an atmosphere. Most people will admit how good it is for children (physically) to be brought up in the country; but we hear very little of the advantages to their minds to be gained from rural surroundings. Still, what we do not *hear* of in early days, we *see*, unfortunately, only too often in later life, and that is the lamentable disadvantage which comes from having always lived in our metropolis. No one, man or woman, can be more than half a person if he or she has been a perpetual town dweller, with only short summer holidays in the country. Next time you come across such an individual, study that person, and it will be easy to see what I mean. There is something altogether missing, something which can only with difficulty be partially made up later, and never fully attained.

Nor has this life great advantages to offer instead. London makes young children sharp, but not clever; indeed, it often destroys their chance of ever being clever, for it hastens the development of the brain unnaturally, which is just the most undesirable thing. Again, it makes them superficial, alert, but not observant, excitable, but without one spark of enthusiasm; they are apt to grow *blasé*, fickle, discontented; they see more things, but not such interesting things; and they do not properly see anything, for they have neither the time nor capacity to get at the root of all the bewildering objects that crowd themselves into their little lives. If parents care (and who does not profess to care?) whether their children grow up, not only healthy in body, but young and enthusiastic in mind, and with the resources that will allow them to remain thus young and fresh long after first youth is really past, let those parents see to it that their little ones are brought up in the open air with Nature. This is not always possible, and then, of course, the guardians are more to be pitied than blamed; but the incomprehensible thing is, that it often *is* possible and is not done. People deliberately choose London to live in for the sake of a few trifling conveniences, and say lazily that they think their children do not "take any harm." Suppose we were to tax all those parents who brought up their children in London without a reasonable excuse! It is not only the children of the poor that we need to take out of the towns, not only the overcrowding and misery of the slums which is injurious to our nation's healthy manhood; there are also the curled and overdressed little men and women of fashion, who need—in a lesser degree, truly, but still who urgently need—to be removed from the breathlessness and artificiality of town life.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Hygeia Stores (The Hygienic Food Supply Company, Ltd.)

"EMILIA" writes as follows:—"In these days, when one hears so much about microbes and how disease and infection are too often carried by flies and dust, it is with pleasure that I can recommend the Hygeia Stores, just opened at 149 Brompton Road. I was at the opening the other day, and was much struck with the system adopted by these Stores; everything — meat, poultry, vegetables, fruit, butter, etc. — are absolutely protected in glass-fronted chambers, which are kept fresh and sweet by scientifically cooled and purified air. There can be no danger of contamination in any form. I recommend the readers of THE BYSTANDER to give these Stores a trial."

Motor Memoranda

In connection with the French Grand Prix, it is proposed to organise an *entente cordiale* run from London to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne. All preliminary arrangements are being undertaken by Mr. E. Touball, whose address is 161A Piccadilly. Twenty-one cars have so far been entered for the European Circuit, including three British Daimlers. It has been decided by the Automobile Association that warning shall be given by the Association's scouts to all motorists who may be exceeding the legal limit, irrespective of membership. This year's race over the Ardennes Circuit has been fixed for Monday, August 13. Opening meeting of the British Motor-Boat Club, under the command of Admiral Sir William Kennedy, K.C.B., the Commodore, has been fixed for Saturday, May 5, at Kingston-on-Thames. Secretary R. B. Robinson, Craven Hotel, Craven Street, Strand, will be pleased to supply full particulars. His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and Viscount Churchill are among the latest to acquire six-cylinder cars of Napier design.